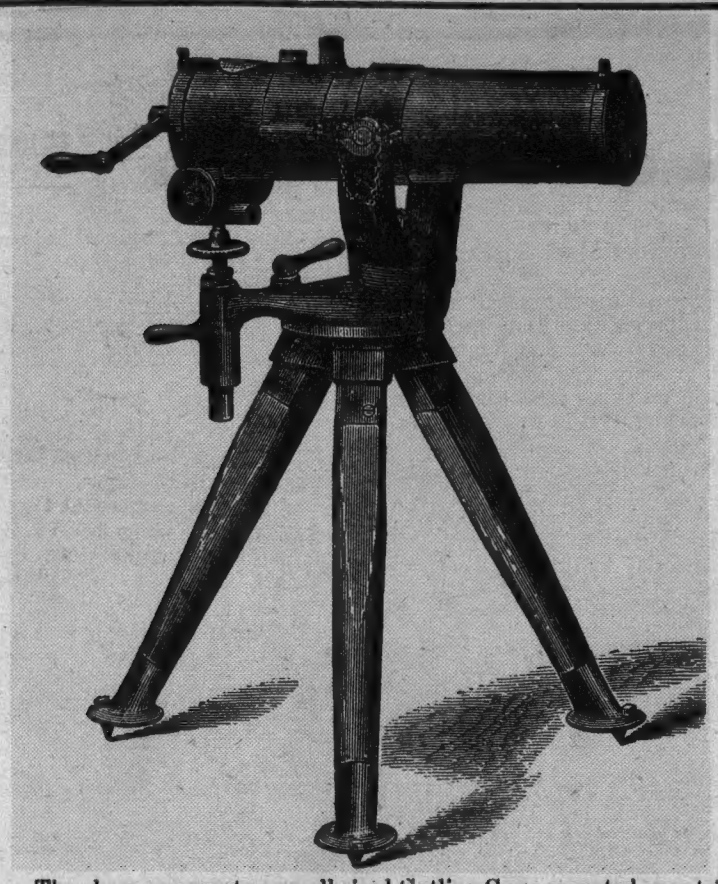
POUNDMAKER

Vol. 1 No.8 Edmonton, Alberta Nov. 1, 1972



The above represents a small-sized Gatling Gun, mounted on a tripod; it can also be mounted on the gunwale of a ship or in the bow of a small launch, etc. It is a very light and effective arm and is recommended for the suppression of riots, etc.

15 workmen killed by hydrogen sulphide

During the past five and a half years, 15 Alberta workmen have died so that various petrochemical firms might further glut Canada's surplus of sulphur.

This and other alarming information was exposed in a brief to the Environment Conservation Authority by the Alberta Federation of Labor October 19th. Presenting the brief on behalf of the AF of L was Harry Kostiuk, assistant executive secretary.

The image of organized labor consisting of rapacious "featherbedders" and "strike-crazed loafers" is being constantly projected by the establishment media.

Social ills -- from inflation to the erosion of the work ethic -- are blamed on labor by establishmentarian political demagogues, the monopoly press, and moron commentators over radio and television. This penchant to make the unionized worker a whipping-boy for high prices and what-have-you distorts the role trade unionism plays in contemporary Canadian society.

In reality, except for some highly-specialized trades, the unionized worker is only managing to hold his own financially in the face of our present runaway inflation.

The concerns of trade-unionism, apart from the monetary aspects of collective bargaining, include the working conditions of employees, unionized and non-unionized, as well as the environmental well-being of all Albertans.

This is evidenced in the submission presented to the public hearings on the environmental effects of the operation of sulphur extraction gas plants in Alberta.

These hearings were conducted in order to elicit response to the 116-page Klemm report on the effects of sulphur extraction, a report which has been criticised for devoting only three pages to a consideration of dangers to human beings. The report was commissioned by the ECA.

The 15 dead workmen mentioned above were exposed to lethal quantities of hydrogen sulphide, the pollutant which causes greatest concern in sulphur extraction operations.

The deaths represent a small part of the total 337 accidents attributable to contact with hydrogen sulphide as recorded by the Workmen's Compensation Board.

Another danger to employees during the extraction process is sulphur dioxide although the body-count from this gas is considerably less.

Workers encountering hydrogen

Cont. on Page 13

WMA revisited...

Theft by police?

MONTREAL (CUPI) -- Bill 51, Quebec justice minister Jérome Choquette's answer to the non-renewal of the Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act appears to have been used recently for the first time in Quebec.

The offices of l'Agence de Presse Libre du Québec (APLQ), the Movement for the Defence of Quebec Political Prisoners (MDPPQ) and a moving co-operative, all located at the same Montreal address, were mysteriously broken into Oct. 6.

The unknown thieves entered without forcing the doors of the groups' offices. At APLQ, they made off with almost a thousand files (200 of them on popular movements and unions), administrative catalogues, addressograph plates, lists of addresses and address booklets, bankbooks, mail, etc. At the MDPPQ and Co-op de Déméagement offices, all the administrative files and lists of members and their addresses were seized.

After the robbery, the doors were carefully shut again. None of the equipment was damaged or even disturbed.

"The confiscation was selective, systematic and neatly carried out," revealed an APLQ spokesman. "We have an electronic typewriter worth $700 which wasn't even touched. Obviously what interested them were the files and our information on unions and popular movements."

"I am convinced that this is one of the first applications of the infamous Bill 51, the law on organized crime and subversion brought in by justice minister Jérome Choquette," said Quebec lawyer Georges Lebel.

According to Lebel, there is only one plausible hypothesis to explain the theft: a police raid. The lawyer explained that in accordance with the Choquette law on organized crime, terrorism and subversion, the police have the right of seizure at all times and places without any warrant other than Bill 51 itself.

Lawyers for the groups have sent letters to judges on the Quebec Police Commission, to federal solicitor general Jean-Pierre Goyer and Quebec's Jérome Choquette, and police groups in Quebec. As of Friday, Oct. 13, they had had no replies as to whether the police would admit complicity in the raid. The judges did say they had not signed any warrants.

Bill 51, supposedly set up to deal with organized crime, was rushed through the Quebec National Assembly in July, just before the summer adjournment, and came into force July 8.

It contained a little publicized clause which could account for the raid on the Montreal groups. The bill's first article states: "The (Quebec Police) Commission shall also make an inquiry into the activities of an organization or system, its ramifications and the persons involved to the extent prescribed by the Lieutenant Governor in Council, whenever he has reasons to believe that in the fight against organized crime or terrorism and subversion, it is in the public interest to order such an inquiry be held."

Article two allows the Police Commission to search and seize documents without a warrant. The term "warrant" is used in the law, although it merely means authorization from an administrative police body, not the courts, effectively giving the police authority to grant themselves warrants.

Even this formality is dispensed with at times: "In case of urgency, when a warrant cannot be obtained in due time, any person authorized to make an inquiry by the Commission may ... exercise without warrant the powers provided" in the preceding two sections. These regulations grant almost the same sweeping anti-democratic powers of the War Measures Act (WMA).

However, Bill 51 goes beyond WMA. It is a permanent law. Hearings may be held in camera and testimony given in that case "shall be confidential subject to the discretion of the Commission to use for its report the information so obtained, which shall not, however, be connected with the witness so heard." Thus secret accusations are legitimized.

The right to defend oneself before the Commission is not automatic, but is granted only at the Commissions's discretion. No one called before the Commission has the right to refuse to answer questions; those interrogated during the American McCarthy era could at least lean on the Fifth Amendment.

The attack on " terrorists and subversives" under the guise of inquiring into organized crime is similar to events during the "October crisis" when the WMA was supposedly introduced to fight terrorism. Then it was also used to legitimize the arrests of over 400 people, and more than 2000 searches aimed not at terrorists, but at various progressive and democratic groups in Quebec. None of the arrested were subsequently charged.

Marxist prof denied entry by government

by WINSTON GERELUK

What we, on this side of the Cold War, have always considered to be the truth about the Russian administration, appears to be emerging through time and changing circumstances as the truth about our government.

The latest reason for holding to this dialectical understanding appears to be the case of Dr. Istvan Meszaros, the Marxian theorist who was hired last spring by York University to teach social and political thought, but was refused entry visa into the country by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration.

Dr. Meszaros was originally refused entry on a landed immigrant status because in the view of some Immigration Department official such entry would have been "contrary to Canadian pubic interest", a formulation normally reserved for people suspected of "treason, espionage, and deserting a ship".

The eminent Marxist scholar first applied for landed immigrant status last March, the "security risk" reason was given in June -- and according to Paul Copeland, the lawyer for Meszaros, no elaboration of this "reason" has yet been gi-

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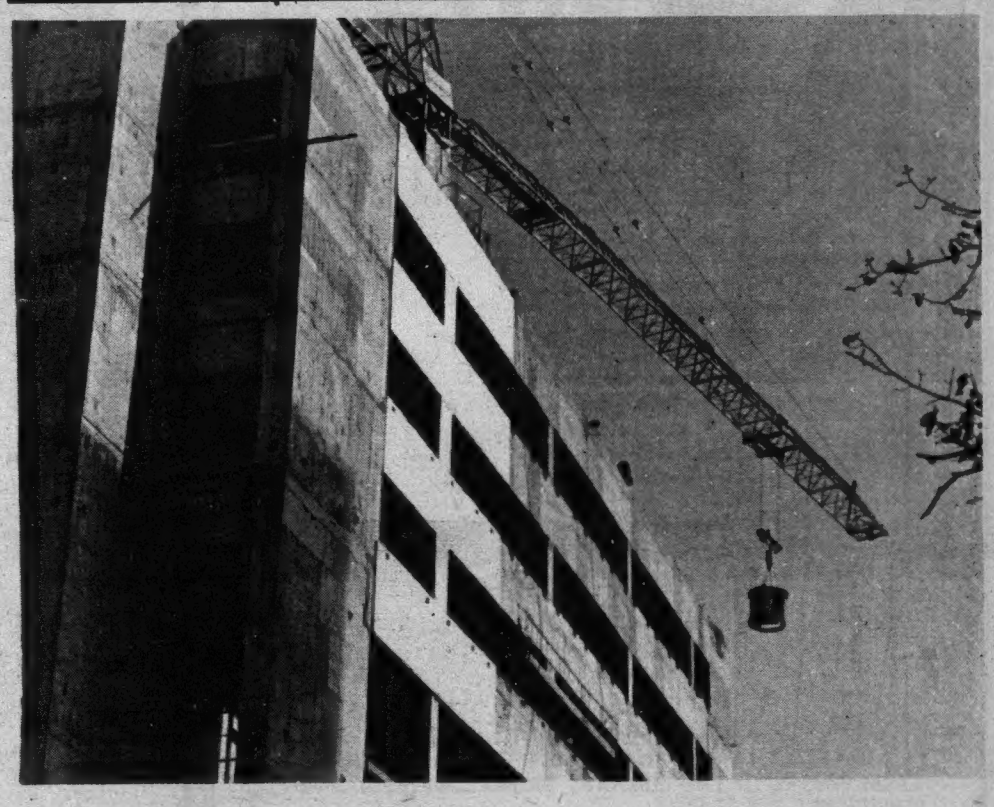


Meanwhile, construction on the Education Building expansion continues. POUNDMAKER will shortly bring its readers the wonderful story of how this building will be filled, entitled Where Can You Go Without An Education? or, I Too Was Once Poor and Illiterate But Then I Went to University And Now I Am A Rich Educational Administrator.

POUNDMAKER

POUNDMAKER is published weekly on Wednesdays by the Harvey G. Thomgirt Publishing Society, an incorporated non-profit society, from offices located at 11011-88Ave., Edmonton. Tel. 439-7624. Press run 15,000. Free on the U of A campus. Subscriptions $7.00.

Editor.... r. p. yakimchuk
news editor.... ellen Nygaard
arts editor.... ross harvey
war correspondent.... rick grant
managing editor.... john trithart
advertising.... jim selby

Staff this issue

Oct. 29/72.

Arrived in Edmonton at 12:30 and made contact with subversives.... especially Ron Yakimchuk (the notorious Yak himself) I was blindfolded and taken to headquarters where I observed Henri Pallard, Fiona Campbell and Ian Birse subverting the mind of a new dupe referred to as Florence, while John Trithart, Jim Selby, Winston Gereluk and Doug Mustard struggled over diabetics and Beth Nilsen with Rick (the procrastinator) Grant. In another corner Tom Turner was showing smutty pictures to Judy Samoil, Ross Harvey, Ron Stewart and Colleen Purves while Ted Turner lectured Ann Harvey on the red link to Moscow.

ENDIT

Harvey G. (for gormless) Thomgirt

Socialist studies forum

The Regional Meeting of the Committee on Socialist Studies will be held Nov. 3, 4 and 5 in the Faculty Lounge, 10th floor of the Education Building.

All meetings will be open to the public. They include:

Friday, Nov. 3 at 8 p.m.

Harry Garfinkle of Edmonton speaking on Socialism and Nationalism in the Canadian Context.

Saturday, Nov. 4 at 10 a.m.

Genghis Ozol of Calgary on Some Theories on the Breakdown of Capitalism
Saturday at 11 a.m.

Stephen Arnold of Edmonton on Surrealist Literature and Future Consciousness
Saturday at 2:30 p.m.

Nellie Peterson of Edmonton on Socialism and the Emancipation of Women
Saturday at 3:30 p.m.

Kai Nielsen of Calgary on the topic On Libertarian Socialism
Sunday, Nov. 5 at 10:30 a.m.

William Bean of Calgary on Marx's Social Individual
Sunday at 11:30 a.m.

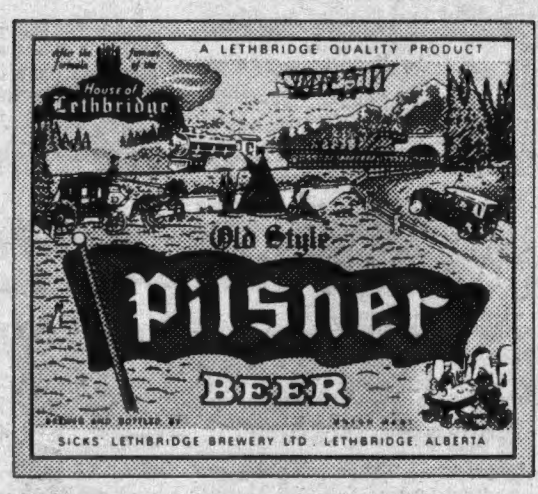
Mathew and Regina Zachariah of Calgary on Policies for Minorities in Nation-States.

UN commissioner to speak

Jean-Baptiste Lanctot, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, will speak Nov. 10 at 2 p.m. in Room 142, SUB. Admission is free.

M. Lanctot is a former employee of the Canadian National Railways and the public service of Canada.

his style



old style

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BLOWUP on the BOARDWALK

cont.:from page 1

Is this man a spy?

ven by immigration authorities.

It appears, Mr. Copeland has said, that these authorities are exercising a non-reviewable perogative; they have merely exercised a right not to say anything more.

Dr. Meszaros, meantime, has come to Canada on a tourist visa, and applied for landed immigrant status from within Canada, because while he is here he is entitled to more consideration and more substantial explanations than while he was in London, where his application was first handled.

"I am not going to allow this slur -- this irresponsible allegationthat my preence is contrary to the Canadian public to stand against my name", is his stated determination.

What began with the negative recommendation of an official in London has become a full-blown issue. And Bryce Mackasey's Department has already switched grounds in an attempr to "get out of it".

At the end of September, Zavie Levine, executive assistant to Mr. Mackasey, offered Dr. Meszaros a work permit which would allow him to live and work in Canada--on the condition that he withdraw his application for landed immigrants' status.

According to Mr. Copeland, this offer was, of course, turned down. It was discretionary, that is, could be withdrawn at any time.

It does not acknowledge that government no longer considers Meszaros a "security risk". And, finally it would defeat the whole purpose of the appeal, the clearing of the slur standing in the way of the application.

Just lately, government officials, in an apparent attempt to abandon the shakey "security risks" grounds, have insisted on the existence of technicalities according to which Dr. Meszaros is not a bona fide immigrant. In some way or another, he has not abided by regulations (CBC interview, Oct. 26).

His case is still under review. In any case, the Marxist theorist will not be allowed to work at York until he is cleared. His courses are being handled by by colleagues and his salary is being placed in a bank account -- from which he cannot draw.

Dr. Meszaros himself has said that he was originally refused probably because the official who first refused him was so politically naive as to think that "all Marxists are dynamiters and bombers.

"It's horrifying to think that I may have been rejected because of someone who applies such an absurd criteria as 'all Marxists are dynamiters'," he said.

Dr. Meszaros is willing to spend some time searching out the basis of his rejection. He has said, "I'm determined to hold on here as long as necessary. If it takes five years to get through all the appeals, I will fight that long."

And further, "I was never told what the reasons might be for my refusal. Who knows what is in the file. Under the cloak of secrecy, I have no power to challenge it. In the last 26 weeks, my family and I have been victims of arbitrary bureaucratic action."

Dr. Meszaros is determined that he will not allow the case of Marxist anthropologist Hamza Alavi refused admission under almost exactly the same circumstances.

Alavi was hired by Queens, but after a long period of departmental delaying and secretive tacics, he and secretive tactics, he gave up and decided to teach elsewhere.

According to Meszaros, the tactics employed were "disheartening political inquisition", tactics which he will not accept in his case and will "fight to the better end". (the Excalibur).

Meszaros came originally from Hungary where he was a former student of, and then professor with, Geirg Lukacs, the eminent Marxist theorist.

He was forced to flee Hungary in 1956 in the face of the Russian Stalinist invasion; he had served in the Provisional Government as minister of education under Lukacs, who was Minister of Culture.

After leaving Hungary Meszaros sought asylum in Italy, subsequently holding a teaching position at the University of Turin.

In 1959 he moved to England where he has been teaching ever since, becoming a British citizen in 1965. In Italy, and then in Britain, Meszaros received full security clearance.

Academics protest

University of Alberta academics are joining their colleagues across Canada, and eminent scholars in Britain and Europe, in protesting the Department of Immigration's exclusion of Meszaros.

Professor A. M. Mardiros, Philosophy, has been circulating a petition (see below) which he has urged everyone to sign.

"This case", he said, "makes Canada look bad. Academics in other countries like Britain are very stirred up. We want it to be known that we in Canada are stirred up too."

In an interview, Or Mardiros explained why the "security risk" allegations are absurd.

"In the first case; he didn't apply for the job -- York approached him and invited him. He didn't ask to come," he said.

Secondly, Dr. Meszaros has been blacklisted in Russia as a "dangerous bourgeois ideologist", not just because of his participation in the Hungarian revolt, but because of the nature of his writing, and his association with Georg Lukacs whom Moscow philosophers hated.

"Surely he wouldn't be spying for the Russiand Stalinists", said Mardiros. "And he has had nothing to do with Red China."

Futhermore, Mardiros pointed out, Meszaros has been given full security clearance in Italy and again in Britain.

In both countries he has stayed away from overt political activity, even to the point of avoiding meetings and demonstrations.

Finally, by he government's own admission, people in Canada are not prevented from expressing any ideas they may have. "And, certainly," Mardi Mardiros went on, "we don't prosecute people just because they might do something."

Don Carmichael, assistant professor in the Department of Political Science who has taught courses in Marxian theory has been circulating the petition, attaching to it an explanation of which the following is a part'

"I can personally attest to the brilliance of Meszaros' book, Marx's Theory of Alienation. He is also the author of Theory of Dialectics in Lukacs, and the editor of Essays in Honour of Georg Lukacs.

Several instructors in the Political Science Department had the same opinion of the Meszaros case, that it was just another example of the arbitrary exclusion of people whom department officals did not want to see in Canada.

And just lately

Meanwhile, the Federal Court of Canada October 23 dismissed a request by Marxist scholar Istvan Meszaros to halt dep ortation proceedings against him.

Mr. Justice W. G. Collier rejected arguments by lawyer Paul Copeland, and ordered the deportation proceedings continue on October 24.

Meanwhile, Meszaros accused Levine, of making "slanderous accusations about my character."

He referred to a Globe and Mail story October 20 that quoted Levine as saying Meszaros was no "golden-haired boy".

In a letter to the Globe written on York stationary, Meszaros said Levine's statement was "without any shred of evidence or the slightest attempt at substaniation."

In London on October 23, a group from Britain's National Council for Civil Liberties began a renewed protest against what it called "flagrant intellectual witchhunt" by the Canadian government against Meszaros.

Leeds University political science professor Ralph Milliband, a council member, told officials of the Canadian High Commission that the entire British academic community is appalled by the case.

He later said that a Canadian immigration official recently told a group of academics that allegations had been made in Canada that Meszaros may be "a top Russian secret police agent".

He told the High Commission that the university community is disgusted "with the disgraceful treatment meted out to Dr. Meszaros and his family".

There are no snakes in Puerto Rico due to the introduction of the mongoose several centuries ago. The mongoose is now a pest that eats chickens.

A Choice of Futures to be seen

The Education Students' Association will be showing the film A Choice of Futures: A Future of Choices, produced by the Worth Commission, on Monday, Nov. 6, at 4:30 and 5 p.m., and on Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 4:30 and 5 p.m. in Room 129 of the Education Bldg. Everyone is welcome.

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Montrose citizens object....

Freeway not in our best interest

At a recent meeting of the Montrose and surrounding communities a brief was presented to city hall opposing part of the general transportation plan for the city of Edmonton.

This important document could drastically affect the environment, quality of life, and future development of this city. Yet, it has not been well publicized nor the implications made clear.

The brief, reprinted below, indicates a concerned response of citizens who have realized that this plan will drastically affect their community. It shows that plans are going ahead without serious citizen participation and that they do not meet people's wishes.

People should be aware that this plan could affect their neighborhood. Do you know what is planned for your area? Read the general plan and see if organized resistance is necessary.

INTRODUCTION

This brief has been prepared by residents of the Montrose area, being that part of the city of Edmonton bounded on the south by 118 Avenue, on the east by 58 Street and on the north and west by the railway right-of-way of the Canadian National Railway Company, in order that they may present to City Council some of their thoughts and feelings on the effects of this transportation proposal on our area.

At this time, we readily accept the fact that our city is becoming one of the major entities in Canada, and that as such, has or will have need of some form of transporting goods, services and people from one part of the city to another.

The executive of the Montrose Community League wishes to go on record as supporting the views expressed in this our brief.

EFFECTS ON THE COMMUNITY

A. Quality of Life

Our interpretation of the term "Quality of Life" may be defined as the right of an individual to those basic ingredients required to overcome frustrations and encourage a more meaningful existence.

The effects of the proposed roadways through our community on the quality of life in this area will at the very least threaten and probably diminish it seriously. This would come about in a number of ways.

Firstly; the unvertainty of permanent residency of those inhabitants directly affected by the proposed arterial roads (i. e. a freeway through their property) would create an apathetic attitude towards the community by these people

Secondly; in this time of man's awareness of his environment, the further assault on his senses of the increased noise permeating the total community along with the smell of vehicular fumes which are also mixed with the quaint aroma of burning meat and sulphur most assuredly will not encourage those remaining survivors to take prife in their surroundings.

Thirdly; the effect of increased traffic throughout the community would definitely disturb the peace of mind of parents for the safety of their children while playing.

Fourthly; needless to say, any area saturated by a freeway wywtem, polluted by more than its share, and where parents have to continuously watch their children due to traffic hazards, is not an area that is likely to attract that type of individual who will contribute to the well-being of the total community.

Consequently, a slow form of depression will take place in this community, starting with property values. Homes will no doubt be "picked up" by developers and other agencies, including the City, who will in turn have no alternative but to place families in this community who, due to their situations, are generally apathetic, unaware and unwilling to participate in the community.

Following this, the Community League would have to cease operations and the area would be without the major contributor of recreation and organization within the community.

Therefore, an ideal situation would arise for the government authorities to create more employment for social workers and agencies who will attempt to attain the quality of life that we now enjoy.

A major part of the Montrose Community was created for the benefit of World War II Veterans, many of whom are still living here and have spent large amounts of money on improving their property. Where might these people move to with the amount of money they are likely to receive from the sale of their homes to the city? It would naturally cost them more than this amount in order to establish themselves in similar surroundings, taking in consideration the price of value that every person attaches to their possessions. Is it fair to force them into a mammoth mortgage in order to live

• creates uncertainties,

• assaults the senses,

• unsafe for children

their lives in the manner which they have become accustomed to in Montrose? Primarily, the fact that their homes will soon be or are totally paid for.

Lastly, the effect upon the children of an area that has no organized recreation is well recorded.

B. Physical

We wonder what will happen to traffic on the inner ring route in the vicinity of 119 and 120 Ave. west of 66 St., being required to make 90 degree turns. It would seem to us that vehicles would have to slow from freeway speeds to at least ten or fifteen miles per hour in order to negotiate those turns. Consequently due to the heavy traffic that would be expected to use this inner ring route, it would seem that traffic congestion in these areas would become quite ridiculous.

In our community, there are at present children who are required to cross two major arterial routes in order to arrive at school, namely 118 Ave. and 66 St. We ponder upon the thought of these same children being required to attempt to cross three or four such freeways. It might also be pointed that in order to make use of Santa Rosa Arena, which happens to be in our area, the citizens would also have to cross these same free ways.

Also, we must take into consideration the location of the community hall and playgrounds, which are the sires of the majority of the recreational facilities within our boundaries. Since these facilities are at present within easy walking distance of all of the residents, the placing of increased vehicular traffic through our community would only increase the possibility of serious fatalities among pedestrians. We all know that the City is always trying to 'cut down' on this type of statistic.

How does a community service when it is split into six areas bounded by freeways? The separation from recreational facilities of the residents by freeways does create a physical boundary which further enhances the possibility of lack of participation in the total community ity.

C. Viable Alternatives

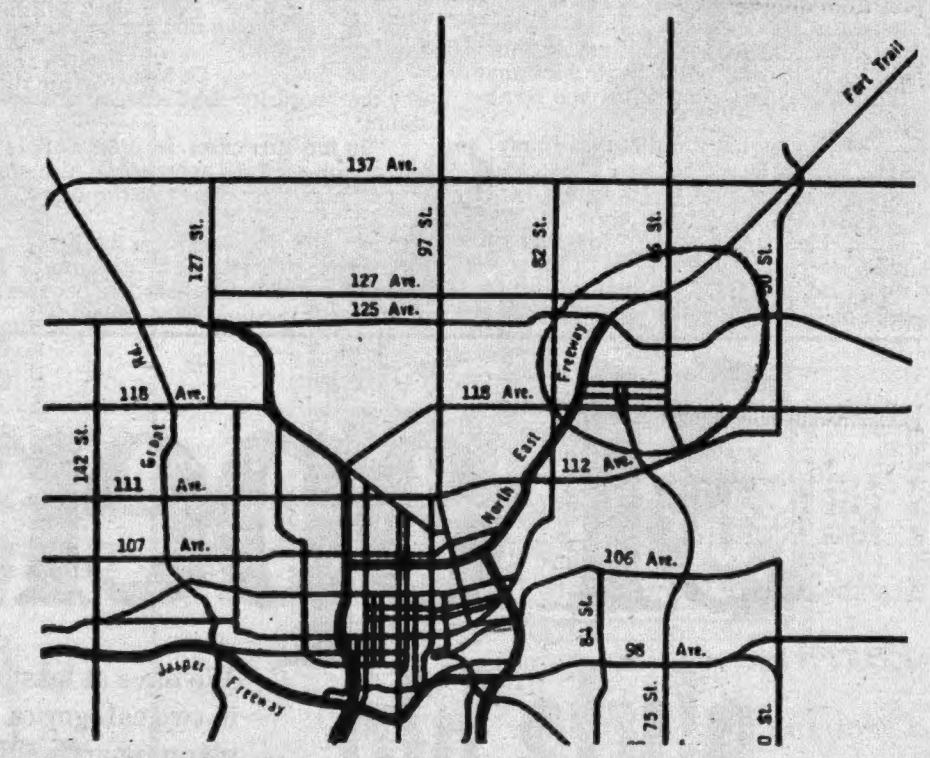
It would seem to us, that there definitely is an alternative to the proposed arterial routes through the Montrose area. One of these would be to continue the Capilano Freeway system in a gradual curve from 73 St. and 118 Ave. adjacent to the CNR right of way and connecting the SantaRosa Road in the vicinity of 70 St. This alternative would not only assure the community's existence, but would be more practical in that it would allow the uninterupted flow of traffic and would allow increased access to some of the businesses in the part of out community.

D. Conclusion

In conclusion, we fully concur with the purpose of a "Major Arterial Streets" network that will serve to carry large volumes of traffic Around individual neighbourhoods and districts and minimize the flow of "through traffic" on "local streets" as expressed in the basic features of the proposed plan as on page 4, section A, sub-section 4 and again on page 18. We therefore feel that we have presented a viable argument against the present proposed general transportation plan as it would affect our community. We are not about to suggest that the City should forget about this plan with certain refinements and we are always willing to assist in any way. We definitely appreciate the oppurtunity of taking part in the public hearings and will await the decisions required for the necessary approval.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Due to space limitations, we have omitted a section of this report recommending that Edmonton's rapid transit system be developed instead of the freeway system.

The METS report is available at City Hall for $10. 00 (Could it be that expensive because "they" don't want us to read it?), or at the public library.



Metropolitan Edmonton Transit System roadway plan. The Montrose area is circled.

Anti-war meeting

Student antiwar activists will meet at the University of Toronto on November 4-5 for the first cross-country student antiwar conference. Called by the Toronto-based Student Mobilization Committee, the conference is intended to lay the plans for building a coordinated and strong antiwar movement in high schools and campuses.

Speakers at the Conference will include Bobby Seale, co-founder of the Black Panther Party; Gabriel Kolko, Author of Vietnamese American Foreign Policy'; Tranth Thieu, representative of Vietnamese Patriots; Claire Culhane, former nurse in Vietnam'; Fred Longnen, national coordinator of the U. S. Student Mobilization Committee.

The conference is seen by the organizers as involving all individuals and groups who are interested in becoming more active in the antiwar movement, even if they haven't been in the past.

c The recent release of a study by M Gill professors demonstra ted conclusively what the antiwar movement has been saying all along--- that Canada makes millions each years in arms sales to the U. S., and that Canadian universities have played a key role in doing the necessary basic research for the U. S. and Canadian military. This points out forcefully how the war is of concern to the Canadians and to the Canadian students in particular.

Organizers of the conference see it as being more necessary than ever that the antiwar movement resond to the attempts of the U. S. to win concessions from the Vietnamese by making it clear that the U. S. has no right to have any troops or war materials in South-east Asia.

The conference thus takes on an ' importance even greater than originally planned. The student antiwar movement must be organized to demand that the U. S. get out of Indochina, not in sixty days, but now ! It must respond to any talk of Canadian ' peace-keeping troops' being sent, by continuing to point out miserable role Canada has played as an accomplice of the U. S. in the Vietnam genocide, how many troops sent by Canada in the name of peace would be a sham and would only serve to enforce on the Vietnamese a settlement extracted U. S. terror-bombing and mass murder.

The Conference is crucial in continuing to defend the right of the Vietnamese to self-determination. Any individual or group wishing more information on the conference or who is able to attend should phone UAVAC at 433-6885.

Libraries: the barbarians want a turn

Took some ripped-off books back to the Cameron - my price being some time with somebody involved in the decision-making process over there, my purpose, admittedly anachronistic, esoteric, esthetic, precious and a solely personal whim, being the preservation and even the perseveration of the Library as a research and study tool . . . Down!, Down, Comrade." We all have our little jollies. Mine is finding out things from books, and retaining and defending little cheat spots and refuges in this Smog-begotten Woeburg of a World.

After the initial stunned amazement, I got to talk to a fine professional library person. (Wild horses horses wouldn't drag the name from me. How do you expect us to keep on finding out things?)

Items of fact agreed upon by both of us without question: 1. Rip-offs obviously can't really be controlled or prevented at all. If you have the ill-will or the incomprehension of the patrons, you will bleed books. Witness the three large ones I had just laid on the desk between us. Furthermore the process continues and increases. My returns are like fingers in crumbling dikes.

2. The library has an inadequate budget already and it has recently been cut.

3. The kinds of books being ripped off are radically inconsistent with the rip-off process itself. One can imagine a person, operating at the rip-off level, reading and swiping stuff such as the Rover Boys at Yale, or other purple pimples from drugstore spinners.

What shall we say of a person who loves and studies The Trees of Alberta, and yet feels free, ethically evidently, to rip off the Library copy? Obviously the library has no visibility with such a person, or it has become the object of a profound cynicism as to its functions and purpose.

Mindful of my copy of Freier (The Pedagogy of the Oppressed -- it's all the rage just now and I seem to have the only copy in town in spite of warning both bookstores that I would be assigning it in class this winter -- I warned them early in August, yes), I stated THE MAXIM: THOSE WHO DO VIOLENCE ARE THOSE TO WHOM VIOLENCE HAS BEEN DONE.

I received instant agreement and corroboration from my Fine Professional Library Person, to wit:

1. The professionals of the library staff do not get to make the rules or specify the conditions under which the library runs, though they are highly educated specialists in this field. They only administer rules made by others -- you guessed it -- the Library Board, controlled by -- you guessed it again -- The Faculty.

2. The Faculty insist upon rules that work to their utter advantage and against the impoverished student who cannot afford to buy books for himself, to wit:

a. Tenured faculty cannot be fined, according to a clause in their contracts -- shall we say, in this case, a Santa Clause?

b. They have not permitted their year-long checkout privileges to be abridged.

c. They control accessions recommendations from their own departmental library committees.

d. Furthermore, they frequently refuse to return books that are in demand, upon library request for recall, and even at year's end they often send a murmured "lost -- I'm sorry."

So that the Faculty itself is the single largest source, not only of unavailable and year-long co-opted books, but of outright rip-offs, even exceeding open shelf bleeding in this regard.

In effect, the Faculty control and operate the library as their own private club and source of free books.

3. Meanwhile, there is not even a record kept of student use and demand for particular books, so that accessions could be intelligently planned to support study. The necessary computerization is far beyond the library's present means, with no change anticipated from the present legislature and boards.

4. And even if the records of demand were available, as long as accessions are firmly in control of Faculty, books are purchased on other grounds.

So we have our BASIC CONTRADICTIONS:

The research and the study functions of the library, which should proceed peacefully, side by side, are, due to inadequate funding (scarcity first) at odds. Therefore, policy is decided in favour of --- you guessed it -- the already privileged, who can afford to buy books for themselves, rather than the decidedly underprivileged who most emphatically cannot. (Ordinary Graduate Research Assistantships pay under $400, sometimes under $325 take home pay per month, to people with children and other dependents. . .).

I submit that one of the main surviving reasons why any of us goes to University is access to a decent library. After all, it can't be for access to the Faculty, since in general, and with interesting and touching exceptions, we don't have it, and in many, if not most cases, it wouldn't advance our education if we did.

(You want a case, Brother, of faculty illiteracy in a professed area? Let me cite you just one of the hundreds I've been collecting. A professor teaching the history of classics, art, Greece and all that -- maintained homosexuality was not a serious influence in classical Greece, admitted finally he had never read Plato's Symposium, and was finally persuaded by a student to do so. Giving a 3 on a final term paper he cited one of the reasons as the crummy sources and I quote: "Heidegger? Bullshit." And this Auden -- he's a poet." And who is Simone Weil?" Name on request on this one.)

Therefore, my suggestions (I'd love to hear yours):

1. That we request the professional library staff to make up a plan for the impartial and professional operation of the University of Alberta library system, together with an appended budget request for the full appropriations needed to place it as a first class institution with proper universal accessions for both research and study, and with computerized record of demand and usage of books.

2. Then I suggest that we turn out the present Library Board, and for that matter the present sucking Student Council (you heard me right. That's not an "f" so the word is polite, and furthermore, accurate.) and get ourselves an advisory board that adequately represents the students as library users and confines itself to non-professional areas, leaving the professional ones to the library staff, who can, after all, be fired if they also turn out to run the library for the privileged. Which is more than can be said of tenured faculty.

3. And that we assault the bastions of privilege. . . (I'm sorry. My prose does that when I get excited.) OK. What I mean by bastions of privilege are

a. the people running the affairs of this province who are maintaining a tool for the education of their own children, like the university library system, on a scarcity basis in one of the wealthier provinces of Canada, and

b. the people who are running the University library system as their private book club. . . And try to get proper funding And either in an acceptance of fines by the faculty of no fines at all, And acceptance by the faculty of limits on their check-out privileges or else as many copies of scarce books as student use and demand indicate. If the Legislature will not supply a share in Alberta's oil abundance for all this, maybe we could meet the cost from a Book Tithe on tenured faculties' salaries, and include administrative salaries on that. . .

4. That the library staff be encouraged to plan accessions on the basis of a six-week loan period for technical material (most books), and purchase enough to sustain this policy. Even little watering places like Northern Montana State have a realistic six-week loan on serious material.

Not being able to absorb the material in two weeks for which his learned teacher needs a year, the impoverished student rips the book off, so as to study for the competitive exam in which he'll be graded on an imposed (not an emergent!) curve, against his brothers for a slot on the 6-7 side of the Curve, rather than on his command of the necessary material.

Thus are we set at each other to destroy our few remaining resources, in violence directed inward against ourselves, while the privileged stand at the edge of the cock-pit clucking their disgust at our barbarous behavior, before climbing into their plush cars plugged into their $80 parking slots, and wending their comfortable ways home with their a armloads of ripped-off books, to their comfortable west end homes. . .

H. E. Duggleby
sectional lecturer
and grad student

October 26, 1972
E - 714
SC72-143

MEMO

To: Gerry Riskin
From: Garry West
Re: High School Presidents Conference

It has come to my attention today that you are in the process of organizing a conference for high school presidents. Up until today I was not aware that plans for any such conference were being finalized; to the best of my knowledge the remainder of the executive and Studdnts' Council are also not aware.

First of all, I would ask why this matter has never been brought to the attention of council since certainly councillors should be provided the opportunity to be involved with this conference. Before they could do this, however, I would assume that Council would approve the use of the Students' Union name and resources in organizing the conference. I would point out that this has not been done. Similarly, the courtesy of informing the executive or asking for their approval has not been extended.

I will allege here and now that this lack of information is deliberate and not accidental. The proposed conference would certainly have been planned for many weeks; I have not seen any correspondence related to this matter in the weekly summary files that are passed around to the executive each week, nor, as I have stated, have announcements or motions regarding the conference been made at our council or executive meetings.

Given this situation, I can only conclude that you, Gerry, have acted without regard for the executive, the council; the organization of which you are president. Your actions run in opposition to the essential principle agreed on by council at the October 2 meeting: That council and the executive be provided with the facts beforedecisions are made, not afterward. Only this way can all the facets of a proposal such as the conference be discussed and the balance of pros and cons be established.

This has always been the rule in past years. An individual's proposal or idea receives council or at least executive approval before action is taken for which the Students' Union is to be responsible.

I am sure, Gerry, that you feel the organizing of high school students is an essential, I personally have misgiving about the value of such a conference but I would ask the council or executive for the final decision.

In the meantime, I am not prepared to authorize further expenditures related to organizing this conference. I will ask the executive that such a direction be given to Darrel Ness.

I remain, yours truly

Garry West

LETTERS

Sexism as a tradition

The other day while performing what I thought were very respectable occupations I was accused of being a sexist. I was very surprised to say the least. I hadn't even been thinking of sex at the time and I thought that I was being accused of some weird perversion.

Thinking quickly back in to my immediate past I didn't recall any overt sexual activity. The truth of the matter actually was I hadn't even been thinking much about sex but here is this young girl accusing me of being a sexist. It must have been the Playboy magazines in the bathroom.

Little did I realize, at the time, that sexist did not necessarily have anything to do with sexual intercourse. The term sexist is a lable for a person who discriminates between people who are of different sexes, as in racist.

What a letdown! So much for my future in lewd magazines.

Recently I have been discovering how deep sexism is imprinted into our souls. The competitive ethics which seem to govern the functioning of this society embued in us all by our TV sets and our educational system, to mention just two, takes on a similiar base as sexism. The traditional family unit which evolved from the times when specialization (man in fields -- women in home) was an advantage is now breaking down.

On a trip to Russia a few years ago I was amazed to see the women doing most of the heavy work on much of the construction. (Boy were they ever big!)

Men or women who wish to maintain the traditional role of men and women maintaining that there are genetic or inherent reasons for such an organization of society will be sorry to discover aspiring young women breaking out of their so-called inevitable role. And I've even learned to cook. But I still say that the bathroom is a good place for the Playboy magazine.

Jim Tanner

One less vulgar situation

I liked Elizabeth Hohm's letter and I liked the rest of the October 18th issue of the Poundmaker much better than the issues preceeding it.

Certainly there are situations in life which are vulgar and obscene which we would not have in existence.

Possibly they can't all be stopped, but if Poundmaker doesn't use such expressions we'll have one less vulgar situation to cope with, rather than one more.

Isabel Hauck
Family Studies 3

A real cowboy and Indian story:

You shot that steer, now you hang, Indian

(taken from The Native People)

In 1895, ten years after the Rebellion, Almighty Voice, a young Cree giant, killed a steer belonging to a rancher. For this he was arrested and taken to Duck Lake where one of the policemen told him he would be hanged for his crime. Enraged by this threat, Almighty Voice escaped and for two years the Mounties could not recapture him. Several who tried to do so were shot and killed.

After two years Almighty Voice, his cousin Going Up to the Sky, and his brother-in-law Topean decided to earn a warrior's death and the three of them challenged the entire Mounted Police force. The battle which took place on the the One Arrow Reserve is told here by Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, Cherokee journalist and honorary Blood Chief, decorated for valour during the First World War, and adopted son of Almighty Voice's mother, Spotted Calf.

Indian runner came into our camp and told us that the famous Indian outlaw Almighty Voice had come out of his two years of hiding in the wilderness, and that he was now going to "fight it out" with the Royal North-West Mounted Police, who for twenty-four months had been scouring every nook and cranny of the Northwest for his whereabouts.

Scarcely did we think, on that bright day in 1897 when this news reached our camp, that this young Indian, hardly out of his boyhood, was destined soon to make the greatest sigle-handed stand in all the history of the North American West.

The news of Almighty Voice's sudden reappearance after two tears of baffling evasion was received with grave concern at Prince Albert, forty miles away. At midnight the same day, twelve mounted police force under Inspector Wilson was dispatched from Duck Lake.

Captain Allan's party, riding past Bellvute Hill the next morning, noticed in the distance three objects moving toward a small thicket of trees. "I see three antelope over there," one of the constables reported. But when they approached closer, they were suprised to discern the naked forms of three young Indians, stripped for battle, with their bare, slick bodies glistening in the sun like the smooth brown coat of an antelope.

Captain Allan knew instantly that he had located his quarry, and he gave quick orders to charge.

The three Indian boys stopped dead in their tracks. Almighty Voice stood and waited until the charging, Mounties had advanced into good firing range, then he opened up. The first burst of Indian fire brought down the two officers commanding the detachment. Capt. Allan's right arm was smashed with a bullet, and Sergeant Raven sagged forward in his saddle with his thigh crushed and dangling uselessly over the side of his horse.

Corporal C. H. Hockin now assumed command of the detachment.

Almighty Voice had now counted his fifth "coup" -- one killed and four wounded. As the Mounted Police halted to take care of their wounded and reorganize their forces, Almighty Voice and his two companions disappeared into a small thicket or bluff, as it is called in the North-West -- a clump of bush about a half-mile through, now famous as the "Almighty Voice Bluff". His people knew that he had selected this bluff in which to make his last desperate stand against the Mounties, and that he had no thoughts of ever coming out of it alive.

Corporal Hockin's detachment which stood guard awaiting the reinforcements that had been summoned, was soon joined by the detachment from Duck Lake.

That afternoon this combined force was further reinforced by a command consisting of every spare man from the Prince Albert Barracks of the North-West Mounted Police.

At six o'clock that evening, Cpl. Hockin called for volunteers to charge the thicket. Nine mounted policemen and civilian volunteers answered his call.

This was the most disastrous movement of the day. The Indians, perceiving their intention, were on the edge of the thicket awaiting their onslaught. Scarcely had the fringe of the bush been reached when Cpl. Hockin received his death wound, a bullet in the chest.

The rush continued, both Indians and raiders firing as fast as their guns would shoot. Ernest Grundy, postmaster of Duck Lake, was the next to fall dead, with a bullet through his heart. An instant later Const. J. R. Kerr went down to his death with a ball in the chest.

One of the Indian boys, Topean, had been killed on the edge of the brush, and Almighty Voice had received a bullet which shattered his right leg.

Almighty Voice had now counted his eighth "coup". As the stillness of night crept over the field on that fatal Friday evening, Almighty Voice shouted out of the bluff to the troops.

"We have had a good fight today. I have worked hard and I am hungry. You have plenty of food; send me some, and tomorrow we'll finish the fight.

When this message was interpreted to the Mounted Police they were struck with surprise. But it was the Indians' code: fair fight, fair game, no bad feeling in the heart.

It may be hard to believe, but Almighty Voice admired the dasning courage of the Mounted Police fully as much as he did that of his two boy companions. The Inain loves the brave, strong-fighting opponent and hates the weak cowardly adversary.

Early the next morning a crow flew over the thicket in which the two Indians were hiding. "Tang!" went Almighty Voice's gun, and the crow dashed headlong into the bush, to be devoured raw by the hungry Indians. One of the Mounties remarked, "Isn't it queer? That fellow never wastes a bullet -- something falls everytime he fires."

Almighty Voice's old mother, Spotted Calf, has stood on top of a rise just behind the thicket all night shouting encouragement to her son. Now and then Almighty Voice would answer his mother through the darkness informing her how he was faring.

After two attacks on Friday, he had dug a hole and got into it and covered it over with brush. They were lying under this brush with their deadly rifles poling out to kill anyone who attempted to come into the thicket after them. Two Mounted Police lay dead ten feet from his pit, he said; and he had taken their rifles and ammunition and thrown muzzle-loader.

"I am almost starving,", he said. "I am eating the bark off the trees. I have dug into the ground as far as my arm will reach, but can get no water. But have no fear -- -- I shall hold out to the end.

Excitement had become intense in the surrounding countryside, as all day Saturday fresh troops were arriving on the field from Regina, Prince Albert, and Duck Lake. The whole population of Assiniboia (now Saskatchewan) seemed to have flocked there overnight.

By Saturday evening the field guns were well in place -- a 9-pounder and a 7-pounder -- and at 6 p. m. the first shells were sent thundering into the thicket.

The second shot got the range and the next landed plump into the spot where the fugitives were known to be ensonced.

The heavy barrage of bursting shells lasted for some time. When it finally eased and every one of the thousand Mounties and volunteers stood breathless wondering what happened to the fugitives, a voice came out of the brush. It was the voice of Almighty Voice. It said: "You have done well, but you will have to do better.

EPILOGUE:

The brave Almighty Voice, after withstanding the onslaught of the invading forces for some time after the beginning of the cannonade, finally met an honorable death with his relative.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The story of Almighty Voice is being made into a movie, now being filmed at Duck Lake and starring Donald Sutherland and Chief Dan George.

Dr. P. J. Gaudet
Dr. D. G. Kot
OPTOMETRISTS
Office Phone 439-2085
201 Strathcona Medical Dental Bldg.
8225 - 105th STREET
Edmonton, Alberta

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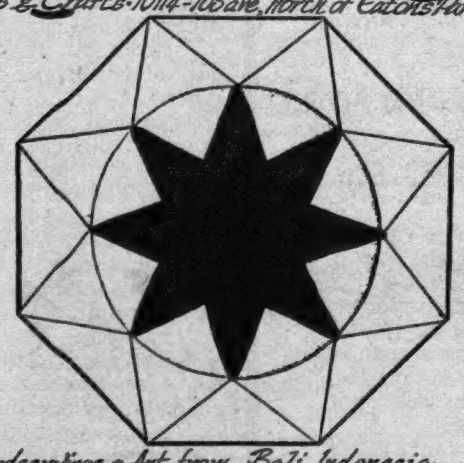

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Allan bugs out! Treefrog becomes

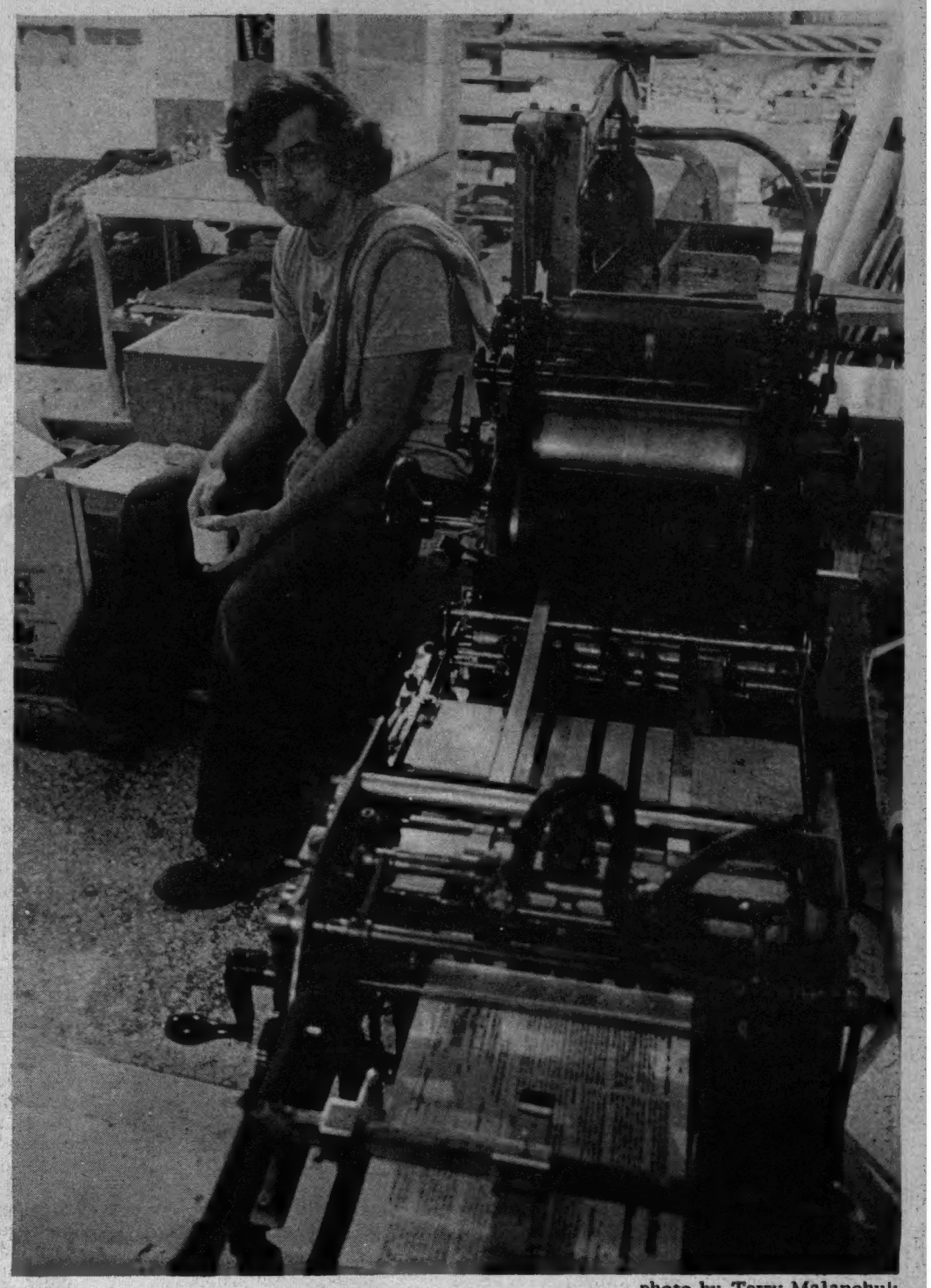


photo by Terry Malanchuk

Allan Shute and his favorite offset printing press

It was cold and the address I had put me in the middle of a warehouse and trucking district.

Without hope I rattled a couple of barred and bleak doors. 10717 106th Avenue. A Mac truck, nearly crushing me as it cam around a corner, proceeded angrily by when I gave it room, pissed off that I should be intruding on his territory.

Then I saw an old garage.

It was a fairly big, older style garage; with the hanging door sealed up. There was smoke coming out of a chimney on top, so I went up to the door and knocked.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

With a pair of gas heaters to keep us company, and surrounded by machines, antiques, chairs, prints, books, Allan Shute was talking about equipment. "I've been lucky to get all that I have," he says slowly. (He has already offered apologies because he has just got up. So have I.) We take a quick tour of the building; everything there has a story. Most of the equipment; a line camera (which makes photographs of the copy), a paperfolder, an offset press, a papercutter; has been scrounged or bought on a hunch from local printers. He talks of bargains and gambles and some rip-offs.

The building itself previously housed a group of artists called Muffin. They tidied and painted the room; installed a darkroom; installed a darkroom, and produced some graphics and prints. But they weren't interested in distributing their work.

Producing for a public and making a living from publishing is a different matter. Allan has kept Treefrog going through its formative months by taking on commercial printing. Mentions a few: the Sunflower Inn; Theatre Three, Theatre West in the offing. The more I became established, the less purely commercial my work becomes, and more and more art can be united with earning some money.

Treefrog was at first Tim Lander; an Edmonton poet who published three little books of his own verse. Allan has stories about him; haunting about campus, publishing books and pages of books in the original manner; stapling them to Batoni's fences and posts. It was the Treefrog Beer Company then, and Allan joined Tim a year ago.

"Publishing books has been my dream." Allan has an MA from the U of A, and the book he did for it is still tucked away there. It's a long fairy tale thing he says. It would have to be cut and reworked a lot before it would be fit to print.

With Tim he printed a book of his own poems, and took an Industriul Arts course from Vic. Comp. in Graphic Arts. It was there, last year, he printed his first solo; Space Baby, a play and poems by Jan Lander. When the course was finished he took his money and bought an offset press. At first I was in my mother's basement, but then I moved here, and Muffin left bequeathing the equipment. And here it is."

He is on his own now. Publishing to make a living; and producing quality work, is very much different than printing as a hobby or a job. Distribution of his work is very difficult. He has to contact every bookseller; no one is going to buy vast quantities of his book. He received a government materials grant for Space Baby; but all his labor is "thrown in", and he doesn't expect to make a profit on that book. "I want to keep the price down; people aren't going to want to buy four or five dollar books.

Over a cup of coffee, he talks about his friends. "People are always dropping in; I'd never got this stuff in here without lots of help." He bargains his skills for theirs; a mechanic friend fixes his bus; and a chance encounter with a carpet salesman trades business cards for a floor covering in his attic garret/conference room/and "the place where I sleep a lot."

"News of my books is passed mainly person to person; a friend in Vancouver, in Toronto will go around to the bookstore there and show them the book. Friends are great; that's a thing that McClelland & Stewart don't have."

We talk about the mark-up on books. He doesn't like the 'pay for itself' mentality. He wants to survive all right; and the further away from commercial work, the better. But it's not as easy as that. "The dream come true thing isn't all sunshine and roses. Dreams mean responsibility. I'm really nostalgic for the days when I had nothing to do."

But he's no high pressure businessman, sitting there talking among the machines and the books and the prints. He talks, I listen; we stray wildly off the topic. The history of silkscreening, dozens of personal stories, both stated and implied not to be printed. He is into his work, but not trapped by it. He enjoys talking because everything hasn't yet crystalized in his head.

"If you are going to do anything, you have to get a central idea and lock onto it." He shows me stuff that he's done. He and his friends built a vaccuum table; a table that holds the paper to do silkscreening on. He has some posters; nothing designed for "The Market"; just things that struck him as right at the time. The Coffee Cup design sold like hotcakes to the Namao RCMP detachment.

T-shirts are another favored project that so far have not really been geared towards commercial sales. However, Treefrog now has a supply of T-shirts featuring a silkscreen of the beer poster that appears in this issue's centre-spread. These will be on sale shortly.

He shows me a lovely stash of freak comix. He loves comix - his hands spread wide at the thought of it. Comix are the last frontier he says. He pulls a few for me. Dave Geary, a Saskatchewan artist, has done some stuff that he likes. They are going to collaborate on a comic coming up. Alan draws and writes his own as well.

Everything he says leads him off on another track. Where were we? he asks. The comix, the books, posters ... I can't remember either.

cont. on page 10

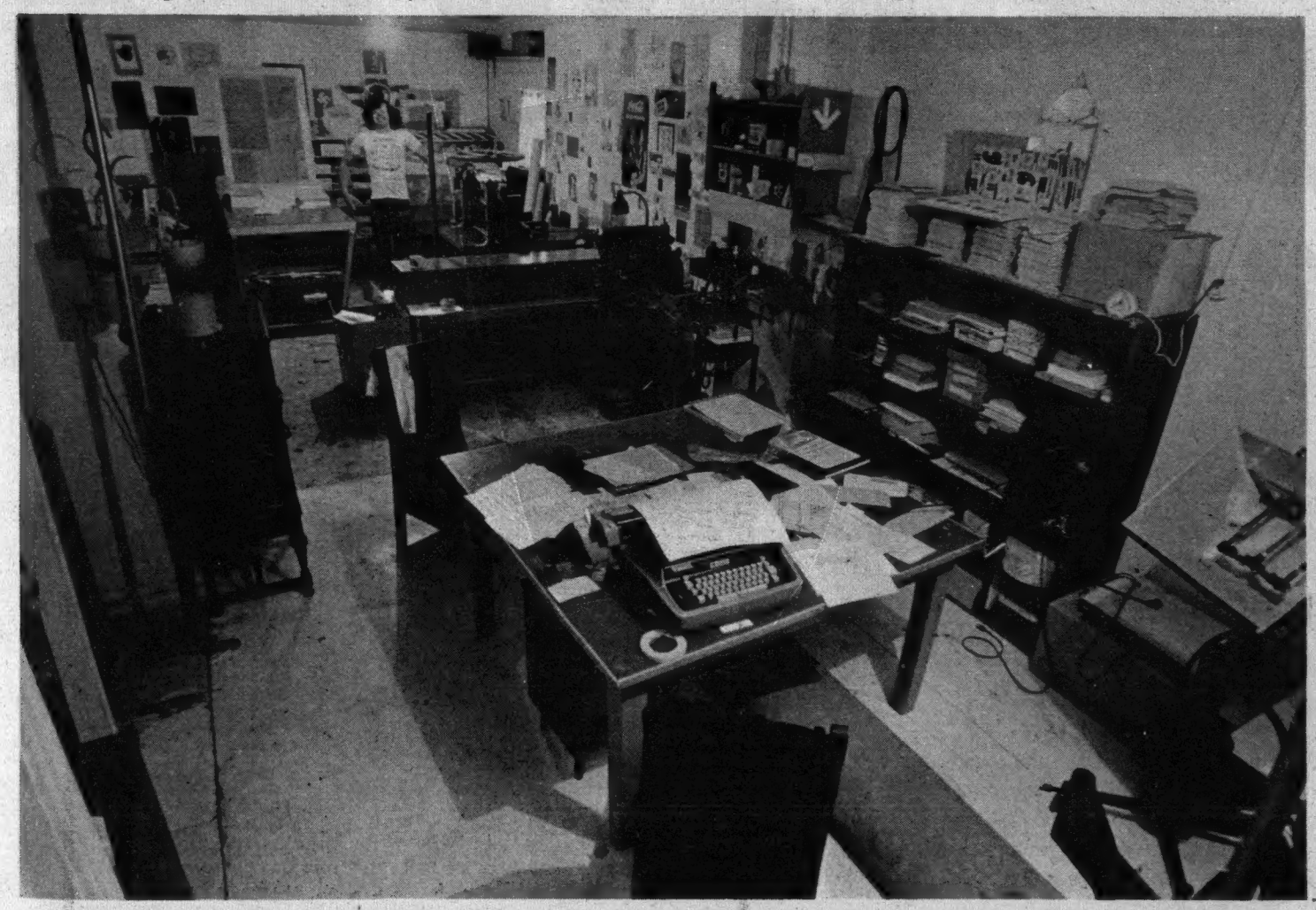
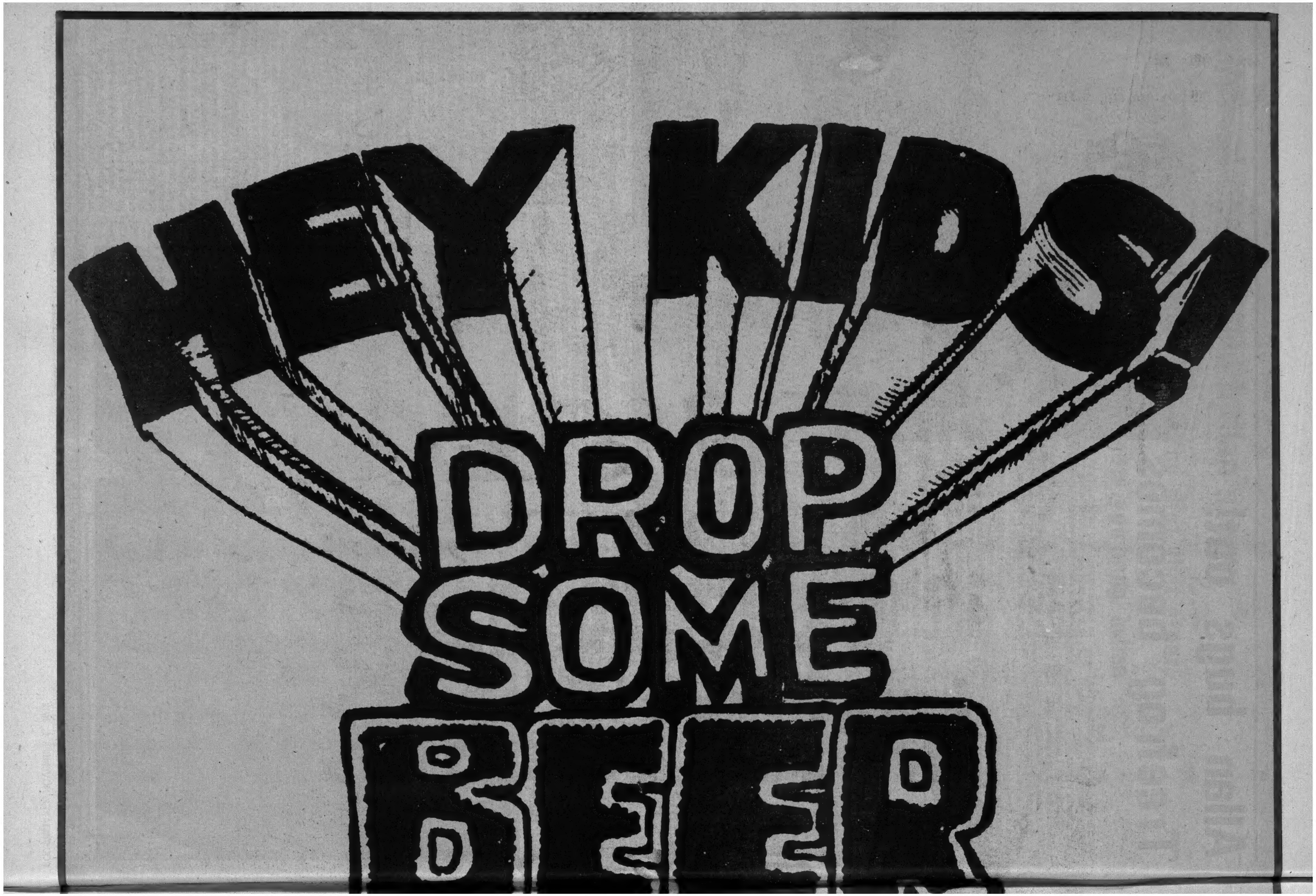


photo by Terry Malanchuk

Dis is a garage?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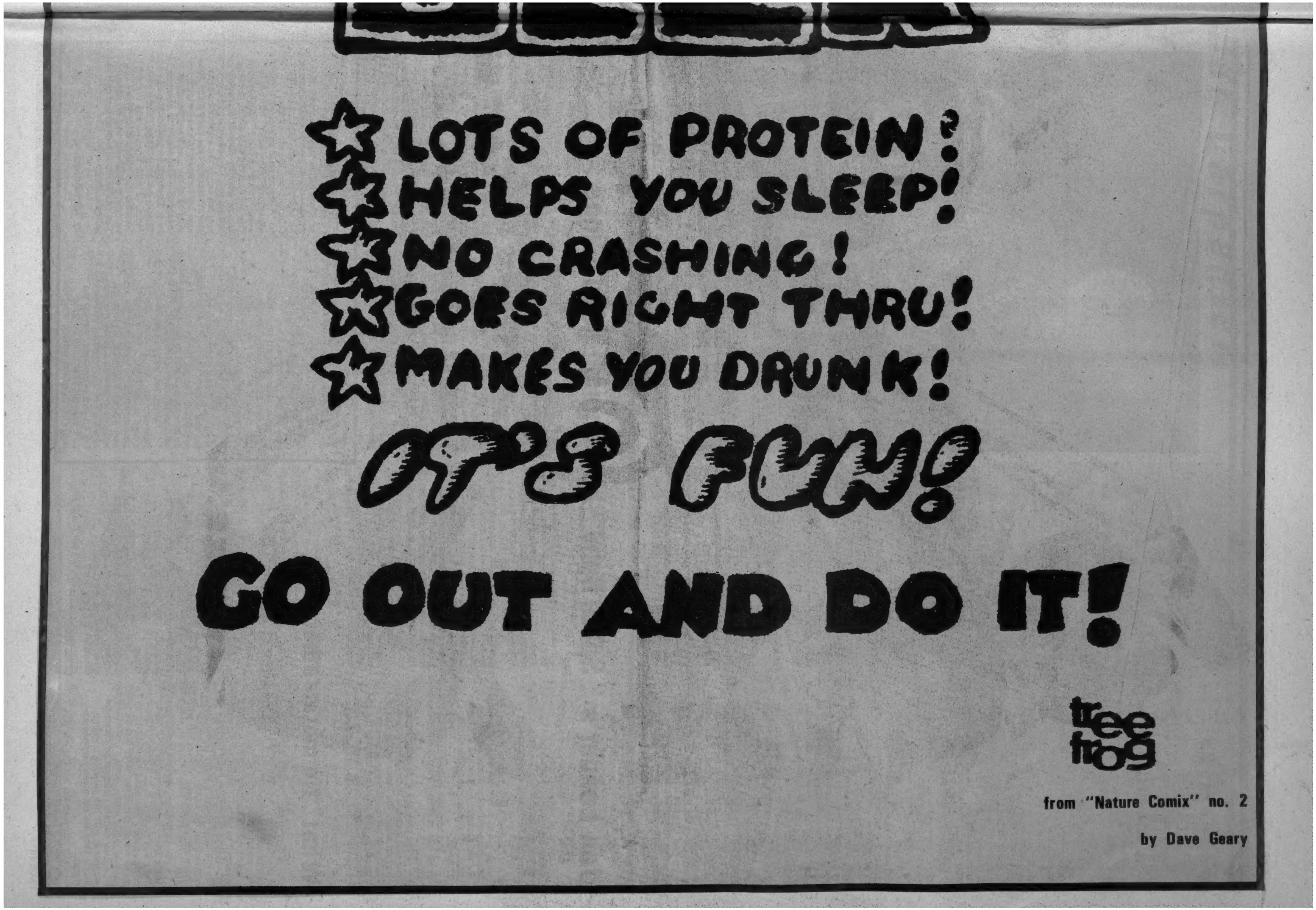
LOTS OF PROTEIN!
HELPS YOU SLEEP!
NO CRASHING!
GOES RIGHT THRU!
MAKES YOU DRUNK!
OFF FOOD!
GO OUT AND DO IT!
tree frog
from "Nature Comix" no. 2
by Dave Geary

poundmaker

music map

by J. Arthur Trithart

From the desk in the office of the supreme co-ordinator of private affairs comes all the lates news in scandels, conflagrations, crusades, and even a little honest to gosh column.

Reaction to the column in the Oct. 25 ish appeared to be generally favourable, and the following afternoon I was pound (maker)ing the beat again.

Rojak Artists Limited is involved in the promotion and personal management of artists, be they single or group artists, Rojak is concerned not only with getting their people jobs, but improving them as performers.

The head of the organization is Jack Raskin who is originally from Edmonton. He has 18 years experience in the music business with various recording companies and talent organizations in Canada. He took over Rojak in 1971 and his vast range of experiences has been the key to his success with Rojak so far.

Supplementing Jack are George Aldridge and Ed Kilbride.

George, originally from Montreal, has been playing in bands for eight years and has dropped other commitments to see what he can do to help the bands and improve the industry and its working environment.

Ed, another Edmontonian, has played with such bands as Witness and Looking Glass for eight years and feels that his knowledge will become an asset to Rojak Artists Limited.

Threshold arrived from Ontario earlier this year and is one of the bands involved in Rojack industries. Two members of the three-man band come from Fort Erie and have been playing together since their musical beginnings. The other member is from Edmonton.

Garry Kline has been playing guitar for over 10 years and is continually trying to create new sounds on the guitar.

Roger Simon is the drummer and has always been playing with Garry.

Dallas Hansen has been involved in the Edmonton music scene for the past seven years. He and his band went down to Ontario for a while and eventually split, so he joined up with Threshold. He has written a number of tunes and one, "Stage of Life" won him an award from B.M.I. of Canada.

Three-man bands are a strange breed of creature, and Threshold is no exception to the rule. Their range of music is quite varied, but their main area of concentration is good ol' rock and roll. They do it very well, and their bright, crisp sounds come over well with their assortment of stage antics.

As well as the rock and roll, they also throw in some free form guitar stylings and some Santana. Yes, Santana! No one can accurately imitate Santana's percussion section, but Roger comes admirably close for a single drummer. Garry also can get some organ-like effects by playing around with the sound system.

The band would like to eventually do some recording and put out some records (and become rich and famous, as would we all) and I feel that they have a lot of potential in this direction. The addition of another guitar or an organ would probably improve the band and enable them to develop further in the lines they are pursuing.

Well, freaks, that's about it for this week's column, but stay tuned for there are some really wierd scenes inside the gold mine, and who knows what the evil axe may dig up (like your pet boa constrictor).

photo by Ron Stewart

Threshold's Gary Kline

Jan Lander's "Spacæ Baby" has enough good things

Space Baby
by Jan Lander
Treefrog Publishing Company

"Space Baby" contains a play, "a wake", and a seasonal series of poems. The play was written and presented for the Students Art Festival at SUB in 1968. The poems are more recent, 1970-71.

The book was printed last fall. It is on sale at Hurtig's and the SUB Bookstore.

The play is a short, bare little one-cat piece. There is an actress and an actor, the latter taking four different parts. It works upon a progression: the actress portraying the character "Sunripe", is accosted by the actor in the guise of a photographer, a priest, a doctor, and finally as a bum. Sunripe is dead -- Given good actors the play could be effective on stage; it is brief and quick, and witty. Reading it makes one want to see it.

The poems, which take up the greater part of the book, are very short: 3, 4, 7 lines; usually never more than 30 words. They are grouped under four headings: somewhat spring poems, black winter poems, dark gold poems, light rock poems. The seasonal motif in each set helps to unify them, but they are too brief for each to stand on its own and two unrelated to stand together.

The images the poetess evokes are often clear and precise; but she rarely captures this concentration in a poem as a whole. An excellent image is restated and explained; and the poem becomes diluted. The best ones are short and clean of any narrative structure.

She has a better eye than an ear. Some of the poems develop a remarkable transformation; both natural elements and ordinary words are grouped into startling and intriguing patterns. But the poems are lacking in sound sense; they read aloud poorly, and the short line length (often a single word) remains undeveloped.

One or two poems rely on irregular rhyme, but for the most part the form of the poems is ununified. Many would be just as good as single sentences or phrases.

If you know Jan or her work (she did graduate work at the U. of A.), these poems might be of interest to you. There are enough good things in "Space Baby", I think, to bring you to reading it over when you meet it in the bookstore. You certainly won't agree with me on its merits and faults.

But notice: Alan published it: and as his work, it doesn't have a fixed price from store to store. So after browsing if you like it, shop around a bit. My guess is that it may be cheaper at the U. of A. Bookstore than at Hurtig's. (There is a remarkable thing! Nothing is ever cheaper at the U. of A. Bookstore. It's certainly a good reason to look into this one.)

by Terry Butler

What? No more catharsis?

A very pleasant collection of art at the Edmonton Art Gallery this month. One of the first times I've gone there that nothing has jumped off the wall and crushed me to the floor, helpless until I managed to gasp, "Catharsis; catharsis!"

Goodridge Roberts, now 68 years old, has the most pleasing show. Goodridge comes from the east and deals exclusively with landscapes, figures and still lifes.

His early landscapes are not as good as his later, more impressionistic ones. They can be very ..... moody. The use of rich paint, luxuriously applied in these works, makes me think that the canvass really enjoys itself.

That certain rightness necessary for success in still life painting is calmly there: they are not merely representational.

His self portraits are fine. In one, he's built a barely visible aura around himself. Another is done in very subdued colours - brown, grey, black and very burnt out flesh alone, except for his palette - which flames. Nice.

Maritimer Alex Colville has developed a, shall we say, soft focus realism in his style. His human subjects are either facing away or their faces are smooth masks. There is a collection of 12 seriographs and the gallery people must use cable to hold them on the wall because of their weight. Snow simply beautiful. A running dog done in painstaking pointillist form. You'll appreciate the effort.

In my humble opinion, Ann Clark Carrah has performed the most fruitful labours. She uses very simple forms - space and lines - yet very . . . beautiful isn't the word . . . very _____ (go and see it and fill in the blank.)

by David Bird

Treefrog . . .

cont. from page 7

Treefrog is doing an anthology of Edmonton poets. "I got a poem from Elizabeth Brewster when she was here for the poetry readings."

Alan welcomes all submissions. "I've had enough nasty rejection slips myself; a lot of poetry isn't, you know, very good, but I read it and try to say something constructive."

He has published poems by Man-Woman. "I don't agree with him, but that doesn't matter." Alan wants to publish, "to get things out." To do his own stuff and to get out good editions of other local poets.

"If you are going to succeed, lock onto one central idea. Don't spread yourself out." Is he ignoring his own advice? Looking at the room, each corner a different project; the walls covered with a broad spectrum of work; comix, repairing and making his own equipment, paying the rent and still publishing buyable books of Edmonton writers; a service so others can be heard, as well as the freedom to express himself whenever he feels the urge. Might think his "single idea" has eluded him.

"Drop around sometime. There's always something here. We might even put you to work." Goodbye and I'm back on the cold street, looking almost wistfully back at that warm and full garage. Treefrog might not have success; not in the sense of bigness and efficiency. But Alan won't change; his dream is in that building moving on at the speed and pace it is meant to. Alan won't be changed; he is Treefrog; he and his friends. That is the single thing, the central focus. I think what he says is right. Success, the proper thing which an enterprise deserves, will be there. You can see it as soon as you step inside the door.

by Terry Butler

Bob Carpenter: finding out why

Bob Carpenter comes across as a peaceful, soft-spoken, together person when you're talking to him.

But when he's singing, bent over and completely engrossed in playing his steel string guitar, his deep rough voice has an added strength and power as it pours out his thoughts, and truths, and feelings - a softness in pain, joy, and past loneliness - very human words and music from a gentle person.

He writes most of his own music, although he plays and has been influenced by Dylan, Leonard Cohen, and Jackson Brown.

If labeled at all, he calls his music self-analytical and spiritual. It's tearing-yourself-down, introverted music, where you try and define yourself through your music.

Bob Carpenter writes for both himself and his audience, for if he was writing strictly for himself, he says he wouldn't be playing.

"I'm looking for answers. And when you give to somebody - when you play in front of a large number of people, chances are somebody's going to come back on you with some other step, a furtherment of what you've said already. They'll understand too."

Ego was probably initially what started him playing for people. He always wanted to show off when he was a kid.

He bought a guitar at a pawnshop when he was twelve, and took one lesson the first day he got it; then he just started learning chords on his own. Nothing really happened for a long time, although "I did write a lot of songs when I was a kid about my drunks and stealing ice cream bars."

Country and western music was his trip when he was younger, when his music was influenced by people such as Faron Young and Hank Snow.

He lived in a log cabin north of Powell River, British Columbia for three years, getting into yoga, meditation, and health foods. He became a vegetarian; he still is.

"I was writing some songs then. I really write a lot better when I'm by myself, way out somewhere."

He went down to the city, Vancouver, on his way back to Toronto to look up his family tree, and met Canadian singer-composer Brent Titcomb there.

Later, when he came back to Toronto, he went to visit Brent. Bob attended and played with Brent at a couple of parties in the city.

One night, at a party held for poet and writer Bill Hopkins from Ottawa, they played together for five hours straight until the late hours of the morning in "probably the best get-off I ever had," he said.

Out of that came his real start in the music business and a contract with Richard Miller, a manager who had heard him play at the party that night.

So he spent the next three years living in Toronto. He became really city, started smoking and drinking again, "and had lost all I had gained from the three years in B. C."

"Yet it was good at the start. I had all the aspirations of becoming a great pop star. But as the years passed I became very sickened by the whole business."

Although having two years left in his five year contract, his manager Richard Miller is selling out Carpenter's shares to Brian Hearn who works with Anne Murray. She doesn't need a publisher because she doesn't write.

Carpenter says he has to be honest with Hearn and let him know exactly what he's in it for, and "that I'm not in it to make him money. That I'm in it.... to find out why I'm in it, to sort things out."

"If it's going to make me unhappy I'll gladly give up any amount of money to get out of it. It doesn't matter to me that much."

Right now, Bob Carpenter lives on playing and royalty checks.

He hopes to make his home on the coast in B. C., and from there carry on his music career in the form of writing and publishing, since he gets most of his money from other people, like Tom Rush, doing his songs.

He's also in the middle of recording an album that should be released next spring.

This whole trip of music as a career is perpetual, he says. "I may stop writing only because there is nothing left to say."

"I plague myself with the idea that there isn't really anything to say, nothing to do... but I really have to work."

photo by Tom Turner

Bob Carpenter

"It's important to create some sort of progressive flow in yourself, because the poison doesn't get out of your system unless you work it out."

He feels he's not a very good entertainer or performer, being limited as a musician to pre-ordained, basic chord structures.

"I enjoy singing, but I don't enjoy always singing for people on the stage. Sometimes I do. Sometimes I get off." But he says he has a high fear level on the stage in front of microphones, and he doesn't like being pressured into things, and being happy for someone else's sake.

Since he's been in Edmonton for about a month and a half, Bob Carpenter has played at RATT, and the Old Barricade Coffee House last Sunday.

He is scheduled to play at RATT again on the 24th or 25th of November, and with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra with Brent Titcomb on January 19th.

"I can always say everyone's going to come to the same place some day, that we'll all make it sooner or later, but I don't know how to fill in the time between successfully. That's the whole trip - learning how to do that."

by Ann Harvey

Studio Theatre's "The Balcony" is too ambitious

Studio Theatre probably should have tackled something a triffle less ambitious for their first production of the season than Jean Genet's "The Balcony."

The play is one of those allegorical exposés of individual neuroses and of sickness in human relationships. All characters and situations are, as the playwrite said, "larger than life." This type of drama, to carry the necessary impact, needs acting and direction of a very high calibre if it is to serve its purpose.

Unfortunately, nobody involved in the Studio Theatre production seemed to have quite enough understanding of or command of his or her part of the play to be able to induce a "willing suspension of disbelief" into the audience for any length of time.

The play is set in a whore house in the midst of a revolution of some sort (never made entirely clear, except that it involved mobs of people and lots of violence and irrationality-- just like the everyday reality Genet meant it to symbolize).

The players are, with the exception of the Chief of Police, all ordinary human beings -- powerless men and degraded whores, who come to Madame Irma's "House of Illusion" to act out the fantasies of power, prestige, manliness, and of course sexual prowess.

They relish, and at the same time abhor their own enactments of their fantasies -- the judge who has absolute power to decide between guilty and innocent, good and evil, but is eventually humiliated by the "criminal", the bishop who revels in the "sins" commited around him and who has the power to pardon or damn sinners; the general who has the power to transcend all such moral questions and to emerge a hero.

These three characters, of course, symbolize at the same time masculinity and power.

Sexual imagery is one of Genet's most common methods of illustrating power relationships.

This sort of imagery, common to all of Genet's works, indicates a complex understanding of sexual politics, as Kate Millett pointed out in her book.

His obvious distaste for the prevailing dialectics of power probably is a result of his having been on the losing side of the struggle -- as a homosexual.

Although the use of sexual symbolism is essential to the play's thesis, it is not the thesis itself. Illusion, fantasy, refusal or inability to live with the real world, is the play's theme.

We, the audience, are supposed to be drawn gradually into the fantasy until at the end of the play we are told by Madame Irma, as she had told her patrons within the play, that our time is up -- we must go home to an existence that she tells us is undoubtedly much less real than that in her House of Illusion.

It was hard to suppress a sardonic laugh at that one -- NOTHING about the play convinced me that they had succeeded in exposing my life, or the life of any of the other patrons, for the sick fantasy world it was.

In fact, given the total failure of the play to catch my attention for long enough to make me forget that it was just a bunch of Studio Theatre actors, I felt Madame Irma's pronouncement was, to say the least, ineffectual.

As for the parts that made up the whole, the whore looked more like what they were (young girls not much out of their teens) than hardened, voluptuous whores; the clients looked dm more like what they were (the masculine counterpart of the above with a few exceptions) than downtrodden members of the petit bourgeoisie.

Even Madame Irma, whose role as the giver and the taker-away of fantasy worlds, looked more like a debutante than a veteran Madame. Linda Kupecek as Irma often evinced the correct hardness of voice and facial expression, and her pose was suitably commanding.

However, she lacked the exaggerated "Madame-ness" of a whorehouse general, the barely disguised vulgarity, the painted decorum.

Carmen, played by Lorraine Behman, probably should have been cast as the Madame. She exhibited more of the feigned grandeur of her role than did Ms. Kupecek.

Jean-Pierre Fournier, in three roles as the executioner, the pimp, and an aged slave, suited all three roles and exhibited considerable versatility, although none of his roles were particularly large.

The cast and production staff are to be commended for their effort, (especially the costume designers), but they would be much better off if they chose a more simple play, and managed to capture the audience rather than to flounder about without much understanding of their roles or the demands of the play, thereby losing the collective empathy of the audience.

By Ellen Nygaard

accidentals

The St. Cecilia Orchestra

Quick! Run right up to the SUB Theatre!

The good ol' Edmonton Symphony Orchestra is presenting two concerts today (Wednesday, November 1) for only a buck a piece for students. Now that's not bad.

The afternoon concert, conducted by that impressive man-about-the-podium, Ted Kardash contains 15 works including Bach's fourth Brandenburg Concerto, Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite", Bartok's Rumanian Dances and Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nacht Musicke". It starts at 3:30.

The evening concert, commencing at 7:30 will feature such delights as Brahm's First Serenade, Mendelssohn's "Italien" Symphony and Handel's "Water Music" Suite. It will be conducted by the peerless Lawrence Leonard.

Both cost a mere dollar for students and $2.00 for normal people. Good deal.

Lack of Canadian content in your concert experiences got you down?

Well take heart. The Goliard Brass Quintet will be presenting a concert consisting of two works composed by members of the U. of A. department of music on Friday, November 3 at 8:30 in Convocation Hall.

Violet Archer's "Divertimento for Brass Quintet" and Malcolm Forsythe's "Golyarde's Grounde" will be performed in this, the second in a series of concerts being sponsored by the Edmonton Musical Club.

Tickets for the concert will be available at the door, but nobody told us how much they cost.

The St. Cecilia Orchestra will give its premier performance in Convocation Hall accompanied by the U. of A. Concert Choir Friday, November 10 at 8:30 p.m.

The fifty member symphony orchestra under the experienced baton of Michael Bowie will perform "A Trumpet Voluntary" by Purcell, one of the composers most strident and best-loved works; Schubert's Symphony No. 8, the "Unfinished" symphony, and Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum", a handy little piece of plagiarism composed to commemorate one of King George II's foreign victories. DeKoven freaks will recognize it as his theme music.

The orchestra's membership is drawn mainly from students in the department of music but includes some outside students and members of the community. It's predecessor, the St. Cecilia Chamber Orchestra consistently maintained a gratifyingly high level of quality that the new larger orchestra will undoubtedly fall heir to.

The concert is open to everyone and there is no admission charge.

" Zip, Zam, Swoosh" tricks are for everyone

Telling lies to the young is wrong
Proving to them that lies are true is wrong
Telling them that God's in his heaven
and all's well with the world is wrong
The young know what you mean. The young are people.
Tell them the difficulties can't be counted,
and let them see not only what will be
but see with clarity these present times.
Say obstacles exist they must encounter
sorrow happens, hardship happens.
The hell with it. Who ever knew
the price of happiness will not be happy.
Forgive no error you recognize,
it will repeat itself, increase,
and afterwards our pupils
will not forgive in us what we forgave.

The lines of this poem complete the Edmonton Experimental Theatre's presentation of "Zip, Zam, Swoosh", a play written for 11 to 15-year-olds by members of the company.

Fiz Marcus, director of the play, feels that the company's ideas with regards to "children's plays" are illustrated in the poem.

"You can't give kids a cute fairy tale," she says, "they will sense that they're being put on. This is why we strive to be completely honest with them."

It must be stressed that "Zip, Zam, Swoosh" is by no means meant exclusivley for the enjoyment of 11 to 15-year-olds. It's fresh comedy and honesty will also appeal to anyone from students to senior citizens.

The play opens with a series of short skits satirizing the insecurity of adolescence. Various subjects were: the popular girl at school; a take-off on "True Romance" comics; and, a skit on Dya Phramm, a rock singer who inspires love from afar in pubescent females.

These subjects strike close to home for their intended age group, who have very seldom before this been allowed to laugh at themselves.

The play then takes a sharp turn towards an anti-war message. Slides presenting the destruction of war are shown accompanied by scenes which make you identify personally with the victims of the war.

Apparently this type of honesty is too much for some parents, who have at this point walked out with their children in tow. Director Marcus wants to stress that their play is suitable for few children under the age of 11.

Following the anti-war scenes are humorous skits poking fun at health nuts, politicians and super heros, to pick a few subjects.

Young people in the audience respond with laughter at the sight gags and farcical scenes, and hopefully with thought to the deeper ideas.

Two chairs are the main props used throughout, and the six person cast (Dwayne Credico, Margaret Barry, Brian Peterson, Kees Zwannenburg, Vivian Fenner and Lisa Manchester) use simple costumes to good effect.

"Zip, Zam, Swoosh" will be presented again in the Edmonton Art Gallery Theatre next Saturday at 11:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., and next Sunday at 1:30 and 3:30 p.m.

by Ian Birse

Tom Whyte's one-man effort is "delightful"

A delightful evening of entertainment is to be had by attending Theatre West's production of "That Time of the Month", a one-man show by Edmonton playwright, Tom Whyte.

"That Time of the Month" combines humour, political satire, social comment and an ill-fated love affair. The "Reject Party's" rise to political power and eventual dictatorship is the well-developed plot of the play.

A group of artists, poets, painters, sculptors and authors who have sought financial aid from the National Council have all been rejected. To console one another and find mutual support the rejected artists form the "Reject Party".

The main character, poet Tom Whyte, is the leader of the party. His ride to national leadership evolves out of an incident when he had taken a job as a dishwasher to support himself in lieu of writing his epic poem after rejection by the National Council.

He had stolen a sum of money from the restaurant where he worked and was caught. His lawyer, the coluptuous Petula, lost his case and he was sentenced to two years in jail.

Reviewing the case with his fellow inmates, he concludes that Petula bungled the case because the trial date coincided with her "time of the month".

To avenge his unjust treatment, Mr. Whyte seeks to publicize his lawyer's inept defense by proving her menstrual cycle affected her efficiency as a lawyer.

But he is in love with Petula and would rather make love with her than pursue revenge - until she leaves him.

What then follows is a complicated chain of events that ultimately see the "Reject Party" winning the national election and setting up a rather cock-eyed kind of dictatorship.

As the sole performer in this play Mr. Whyte maintains audience attention superbly. At the best of times actors have difficulty in providing enough diversity in action and speech in a solo performance to keep the audience engrossed, but Mr. Whyte has an excellent voice which he uses with great expertise.

He generates the mood of the play with his voice. At times he uses it to convey enormous power; at other times tenderness, delicacy and loneliness. Within his mastery of his role, he easily exits for a bottle of beer and smoothly returns to his monologue as one might do in a conversation with a friend.

He moves about the small stage and down into the audience as though he were saying to each individual, "Listen, this is my sad story. This is how I am'" Indeed, we were all listening and understanding.

Mr. Whyte had our attention: his humour and wit are food for the leftist soul, his loneliness a constant reminder that love is gone.

by Joanna Miazga

graphic by Fiona Campbell

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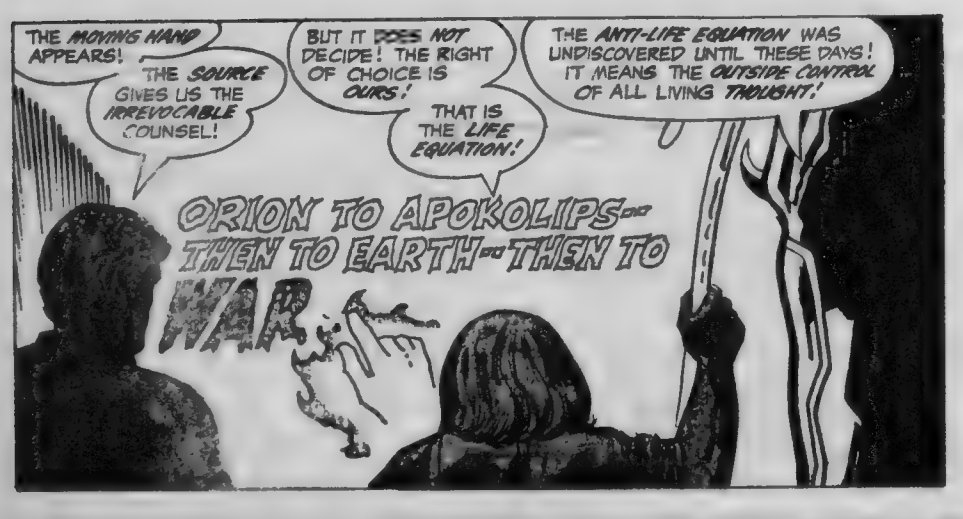


cont. from page 1....

Gov't inspections fixed

sulphide can supposedly tolerate 10 parts of the gas per million of air for an eight hour period, five days a week.

In technical jargon, the Threshold Limit Value (TLV) for Hydrogen sulphide is 10 ppm. That for sulphur dioxide is 5 ppm. The odor of the former gas is detectable in concentrations as low as 03 ppm while that of the latter is 3 ppm.

The AF of L brief wonders why the differential between the odor threshold of sulphur dioxide and its government-established TLV is so slight when past studies have shown that .25 to .30 ppm of the gas causes irritation in a significant percentage of humans.

For "selfish" reasons, unionized workers look askance at the possibility of becoming corpses sacrificed upon the alter of corporate profit. In the petrochemical industry, the International Union of Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers is the predominant union.

It's members work at natural gas plants dispersed throughout the province (Whitecourt, Fox Creek, Windfall, Pincher Creek, Etc.). Accurate information about the extent of illness to workers caused by hydrogen sulphide, sulphur dioxide, and other pollutants in these areas is difficult to come by as many workers are afraid that, by informing the government about health hazards at their places of work, they will be endangering their jobs.

Consequently, the A. F. of L. is requesting that the government establish job safeguards for workers willing to provide information about on-job health hazards.

The Government of Alberta naturally shares the concern of the trade-unionist over the casualty rate of workers within the petrochemical industry. That is why they have hired one inspector of occupational health.

He is not authorized by law to enter company premises unless the plant's operator or manager extends him an invitation to do so. There are, it is true, a number of other inspectors authorized to conduct field inspections of gas processing plants. When they conduct such inspections, advance notice is given the company's management.

One indication of how effective these inspections are was reported to the Environment Conservation Authority hearings by Unifarm:

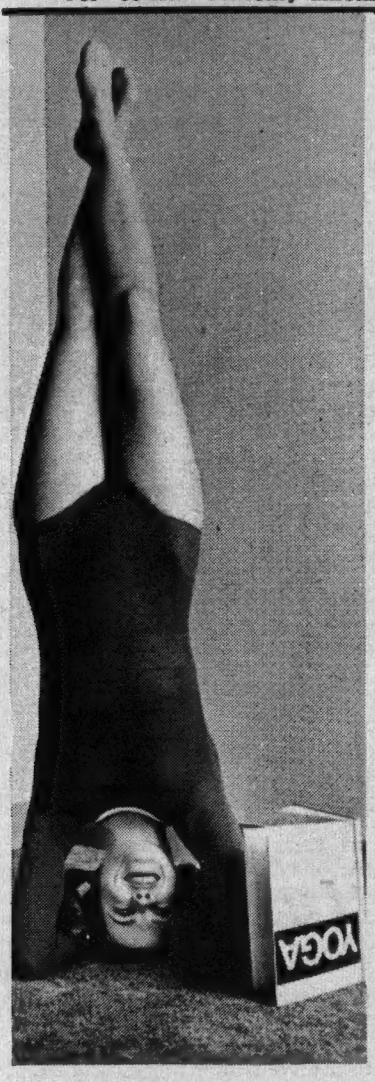
> A Pincher Creek rancher wrote that during the daytime when helicopters were taking atmospheric samples around nearby gas plants, the stacks were not flaring. As soon as the helicopters left, "there were big burning flares."

Many of the sulphur-bearing pollutants which enter the atmosphere do so as a result of "sweetening" natural gas for domestic and industrial uses.

The Alberta Federation of Labor maintains that none of these pollutants should be spewed into the atmosphere.

Some of them are now being used for the extraction of sulphur but, because of a glut in Canada's sulphur supplies, many of them are not used for sulphur extraction and therefore are used to flavor our atmosphere with those splendid odors which cannot but help delight the residents in a gas-producing region (such as those of the Pincher Creek area who experienced sufficient health and property damage from sulphur dioxide and hydrogen sulphide emissions to win an out of court settlement of $700,000 after a lengthy law suit against several gas plants).

At the same time, the technology now exists to remove sulphur compounds from natural gas with almost 100 percent efficiency (see Environment News, June, 1972).



You learn something new every day

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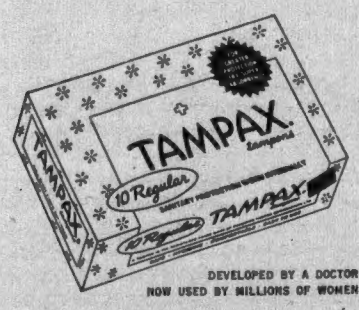

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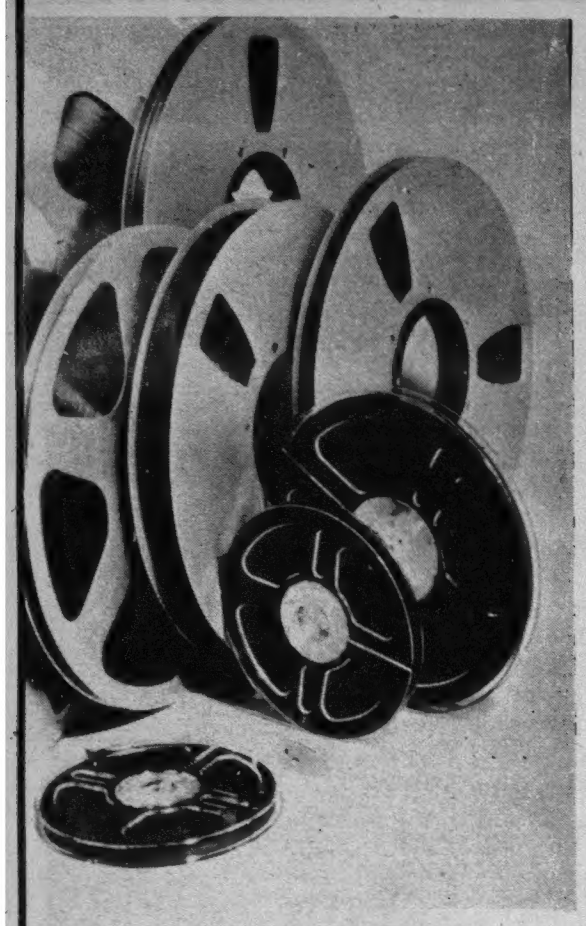


by RICK GRANT

The sad state of

You'd never know it but Canada has one of the most respected film industries in the world. Everybody seems to know this except Canadians who sneer at the mere thought of watching a Canadian film. This is because at one time watching a Canadian film was a quick road to boredom. Many of you can recall those godawful National Film Board productions of the fifties and sixties. You remember them I'm sure. They were the ones full of weird tuneless music, crazy half arty film composition and structured around the most abstruse script lines. Then there is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation with its insane insistence on bringing out yet another film about the Eskimaux or Newfoundland squid-jigging and the CBC must have hundreds of miles of film of the winter prairie complete with unrealistic sound effects said to resemble the wind.

Because of Canada's inept production record it is of little wonder that the Canadian film audience isn't interested in domestic productions. Not that they have any opportunity to see them anyway. Pity because Canadian films are now at the stage where they are rivalling the world's best in quality and winning scores of awards in the process. Gone are the days of tuneless music, murky photography, baffling scene changes and cardboard actors. To-day's Canadian feature length movie shows a technical expertise and maturity that puts it ahead of Hollywoods banality and into a class by itself.

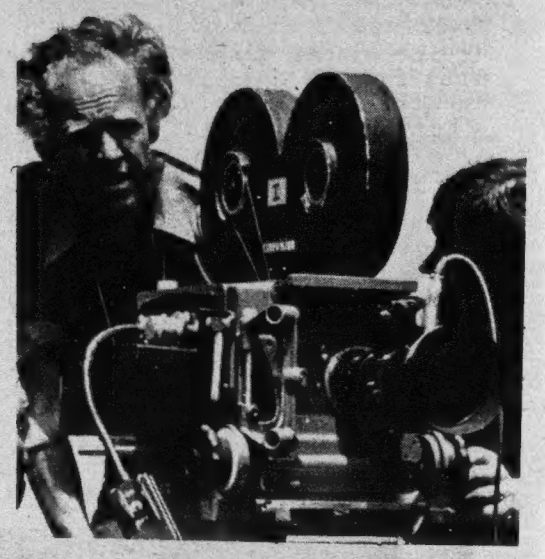
This is surprising when you consider the lack of resources that film makers suffer under in this country. Unlike the United States where there is a large giant of a film industry and where equipment and money is readily available. Canada is extremely short of the necessary industries needed to support film making. The most severe handicap for domestic production is the lack of money whether from government or business. Another problem is the lack of trained people willing to work in what is an unstable industry when the border is only too close offering the glitter of Hollywood's astronomical salaries.

However there are quite a few individuals who have been able to raise the necessary capital to finance a feature film. Two in particular have done extremely well, Going Down the Road and the Rowdyman. Through the kind graces of the CBC most people have had a chance to see Going Down the Road one of only three Canadian features the CBC has condescended to show in the last year. But it is unlikely the CBC will show that film again because they received too much adverse criticism for the film's nudity. Now I know you are trying to remember where the nudity was in the film and I can't think of it either but I guess some old women must have caught a flash of skin somewhere.

Apart from those two hits there have been several dozen recent features that are of sufficient stature that they could be shown in commercial theatres across the country but that is nearly impossible because of the stranglehold the big theatre chains have on the distribution racket. You see, the distribution companies are either controlled by the big Hollywood studios or by an American film trade union. Since Canadian films don't realize the mass appeal that Hollywood films do they would't provide the revenue the companies are after. Aside from the money aspect the distribution companies can not get too excited about Canadian films taking trade away from the U. S. product. As a result no Canadian film has a chance to be distributed across the country in a reasonable way. The only theatres that Canadian films can be shown in are those independent of the distribution chains and there are not too many of those theatres left.

The number of independent film houses is growing smaller each year as they are sold or bought out. One of the most crippling blows to the film industry came three years ago when Nat Taylor sold his string of forty movie houses to Famous Players which means that there are forty less places for Canadian films to be shown.

Taylor also owned the largest studio lots in Canada just outside of Toronto. He sold out to National Telefilm Associates, a U. S. controlled firm for a reported sum of one million dollars.



Taylor calls himself the spokesman for the Canadian film industry and as such you would expect that he should have some sense of nationalism at least to the extent of protecting the industry yet he has done more than any other man to hurt Canadian film making.

In the light of other resource see outs in Canada it is sad news that another all Canadian company has fallen into American hands. In this case it means that film makers are going to find it far tougher to produce.

Film makers are also having a hard time with the various technical unions which are controlled by their U. S. counterparts. Because Canadian features are generally underfinanced they are through necessity forced to limit the length of time they spend actually shooting. But unions have such strict laws that production schedules involving overtime payments can burn up money faster than anything else. Yet by operating on a longer schedule the equipment costs soar and the film maker is in trouble again.

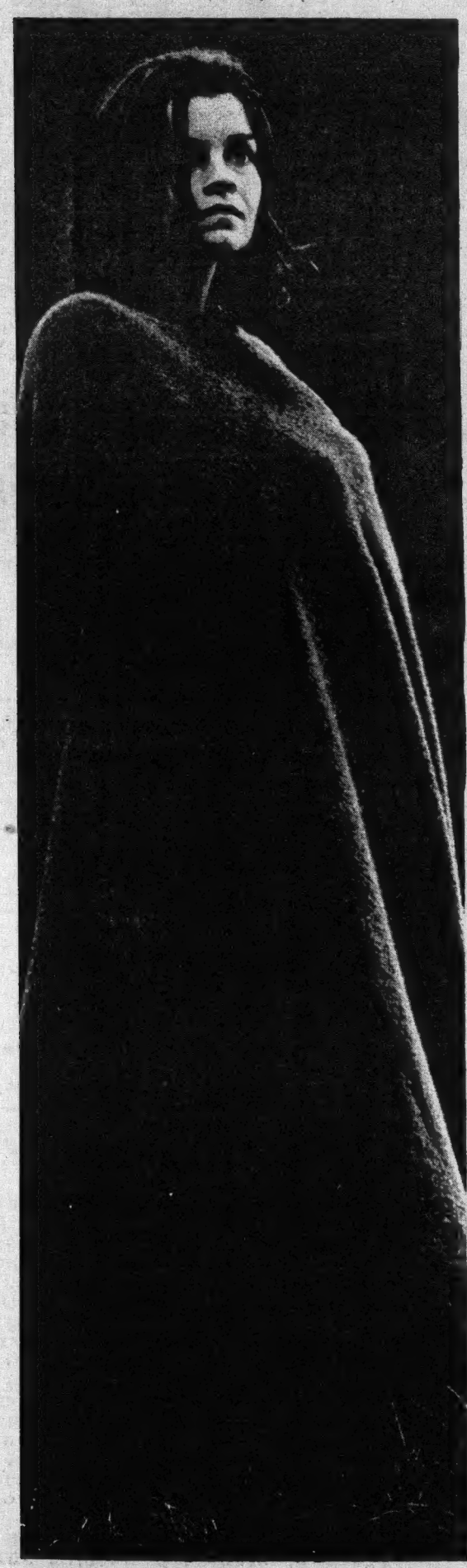
It would'nt be so bad if there was more money available for filming but there is very little. Financ takes the form of meager provincial grants, half hearted and misdirected Canada Council money and a little rip-off money from corporations looking for tax dodges.

In Ontario they have a set up that is supposed to aid the beginning film maker who needs money. The only things wrong with that is you have to be an established producer before he gets any money. The other fault with the system is the way they dole the money out by spreading it as thin as they can In order to make a feature length film the absolute minimum amount of money required is a hundred thousand dollars. The Ontario Arts Council gave out fifty thousand dollars last year to forty nine individuals in amounts ranging from two hundred dollars to three thousand. Obviously such ridiculous amounts do nothing for film making.

Unions also practice an insidious form of domination over the Canadian film scene through their American home offices. They determine who joins the union, what jobs they get and dictate all terms of employment. Because they are American unions they have laws favouring American workers in Canada. An American film worker needs no permission from the Canadian union if he wants to work in Canada but a Canadian who goes to the states has to get special permission before he can work and permission is not given easily.

In a letter to Cinema Canada Magazine, Richard Leiterman who

Canadian film



is one of the most skilled directors that Canada has, reported on the treatment he received from a union when he tried to get membership in order that he could work on a film in Alberta.

"In the past two months I have gone through a harrowing experience in my first encounter with IATSE (International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Engineers) Local 644C.

In April I was asked by John Vidette, producer of Wedding in White to work as a lighting cameraman on their production. I accepted. I was then informed that the producer wanted the picture to be serviced by an IA crew. Since I was not a member of any union at the time, I had to fill out an application for IA membership which asked me to swear allegiance to the American Constitution. The Canadian representative for the local contacted members by phone, asking them to vote verbally on my application, and then a call to New York was required to gain permission for me to work through 644C in Canada (it would seem that a foreigner has the power to grant or deny a Canadian permission to work in his own country). At any rate the vote went through (or so I thought). But I could not work in the U. S.; not without a special dispensation from the Local's headquarters in New York or in Los Angeles as the case might be--you must deal seperatly with the local in each area of jurisdiction. It should be pointed out that U. S. cinematographers who are members of Local 644 or other locals can come to Canada and work at any time without permission of any kind.

Once a Canadian picture goes IA and I would like to emphasise this point--all technicians working it must be IA, either from Local 644C or from Local 873 which covers all other technicians except camersmen. So a crew was hired, all IA for Wedding in White.

...Now as I said previously, I had never worked under any strict union controlled circumstances, and I guess I had a lot to learn. I had always thought the most important thing on a film set was that there was a certain loyalty to the director and the actors by the crew. Well it was in this area that I found little support. I found that when five hours had been expended it was lunch time, period, with no consideration given to how close the director was to making a scene shot that had taken two hours to set-up, that had gone through the necessary rehearsing and would only have taken another five minutes to complete had there been more co-operation from the crew. But no, this was not possible without going into penalty time (meaning that all crew members would have to be paid double the prevailing rate for a full half hour).

This is co-operation?

On other occasions the same sort of tactics were employed at the end of the day's shooting. Which can be expensive, and seems to me unnecessary.

...Now a lot of our Canadian features are made on low budgets. Some have been better than others, but features are being made, and more and more Canadian technicians are getting good feature experience. This is important. But I think that the union should give consideration to relaxing a little in order to accomodate the budgets of some of our pictures.

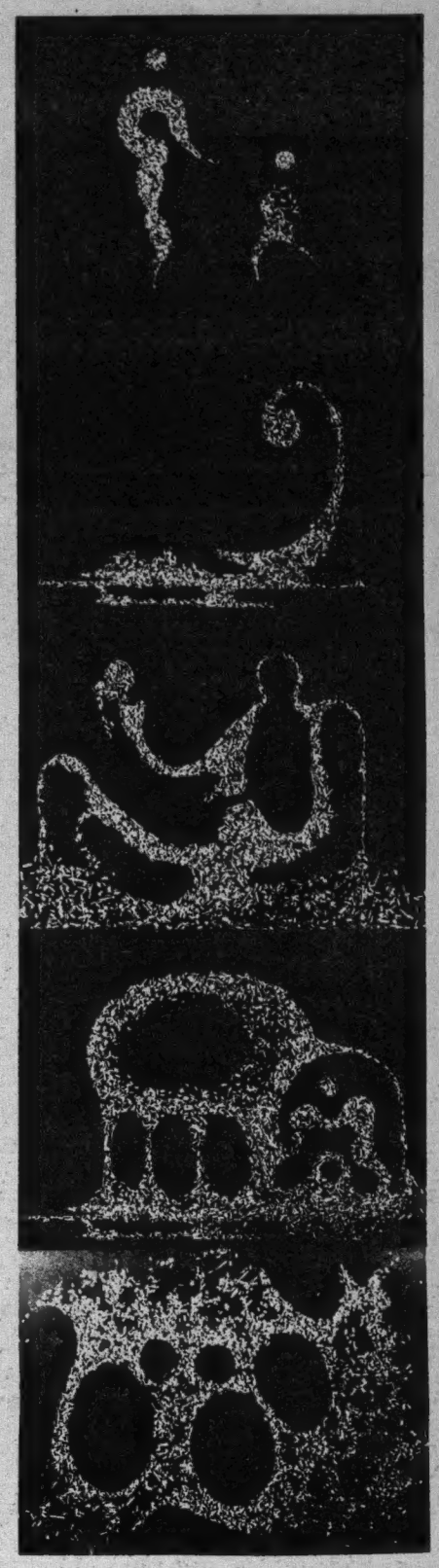
If enough interest could be shown by Canadian technicians these concessions may well be fufilled. This could mean the formation of at least a Canadian controlled local or even the beginnings of our own film trade union, giving Canadians something we badly need and should have in this country; control of our own industry."

Cinema Canada Magazine devoted several pages of a recent issue to this topic, enough to show that the Canadian film industry is being controlled by the American unions and film industries. As the only Canadian film trade magazine, Cinema Canada has found it rough going since its inception a year ago. The film trade in Canada does not number too many and the sale of subscriptions does not account for more than a fraction of the costs. The advertisers are more interested in paying for space in the larger American magazines than in a Canadian one.

The magazine has been trying to get a government grant without success. This does not make sense when you consider that Take One Magazine, which is an internation-film buff orientated publication edited in San Francisco. Its Canadian content is at most a page or two each forty page issue. Take One with this miniscule amount of Canadian content has received three government grants, a Canada Council grant, a Canadian Film Development Corporation grant and an Ontario Arts grant.

Grants of course are worthless if the industry as a whole cannot start to fight for itself. The industry needs the kind of support that is formed from within, a Canadian union, some form of a Canadian content quota to force the commercial film houses to show Canadian films and they have to stop selling out their resources.

And for the one lone person who has forced himself to the end of this I will award one bottle of beer if he can correctly answer a skill testing inanity.



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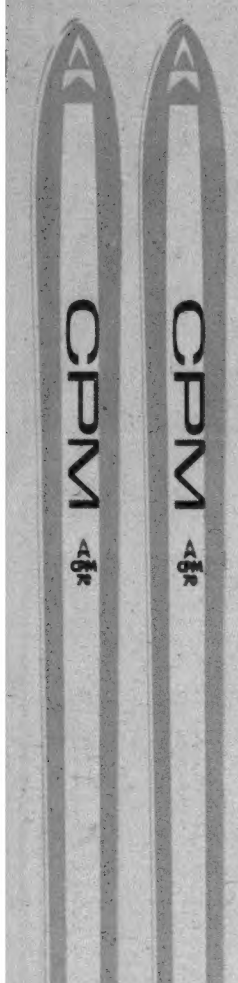

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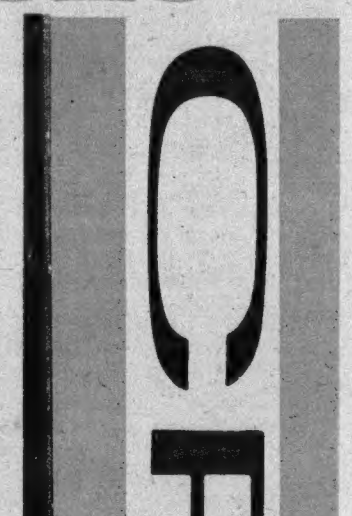

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